

IN THE LAND

OF THE

FILIPINO

California
Colonial
Society

RALPH KENT BUCKLAND



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AMERICAN SUPERVISING TEACHERS AND AN AMERICAN BOY ON HORSEBACK.

In the Land of the Filipino.

BY

RALPH KENT BUCKLAND.



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In the Land of the Filipino.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE BEGINS.

ALTHOUGH scheduled to sail at eleven o'clock, December the twenty-second, 1903, the "Doric" did not cast loose from her moorings until well past the noon-hour. The delay, short indeed in comparison with the time required to cover the immense distance lying between us and our destination, Manila, was nevertheless portentous; for it was only a forerunner of the many, many weary waitings that, as it afterward turned out, were to fail to our lot on arriving in the Philippines, the Land of the Brown People.

Luncheon was not to be served until the hurly-burly of starting was well over. There were many on the boat to say good-by to those about to start on the long journey across the Pacific. The decks were crowded with people. All was hustle and confusion, as the stewards rushed the baggage from the wharf, up the gangplanks, and down into the staterooms.

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I knew nobody and nobody knew me, although, on going down to my stateroom, I met Mr. M., who, I learned, was to occupy the room with me. We made ourselves acquainted with each other, and then decided to look around the boat while waiting for her to get under way. We found the ship to be quite as described in the company's descriptive pamphlet. Although, by comparing her tonnage with that of other ships on the Pacific, we knew the "Doric" was one of the smaller boats, yet to us, she seemed a great leviathan; for neither of us had ever been on any vessel larger than a steamer of the Great Lakes. There appeared to be nothing in any way lacking about the "Doric" except, perhaps, some indication of her intention to start her engines and to set out toward the ocean. We were becoming impatient.

Finally, the last suit-case was stowed safely away in its owner's stateroom; the last rope binding our floating home to America was cast off; the last goodbye was called from the wharf; and the "Doric", giving vent to one last screech from her powerful whistle, started on her southwesterly course toward those beautiful tropic isles, the Hawaiians, and toward their Americanized capital, Honolulu.

The ship steamed majestically across San Francisco Bay. As soon as we got well away from the wharves, the luncheon-gong sounded, and we all assembled in the spacious dining-room below to satisfy our hunger. At the time, as I looked around at the

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well-filled tables, the number of people present made no impression on me. It was not to be a great while, however, before the places of many of those now seated complacently trying to read the rather complicated menu, would be vacant; and, as I now look back, it was days and days before the dining-saloon was again well filled.

As we came up from luncheon, we found that we had journeyed entirely across the bay. The Chinese sailors were getting up a couple of sails, to steady the boat, we were told, as we should find it somewhat rough outside the harbor.

It was growing toward late afternoon. Most of the passengers had found for themselves easy chairs; but some stood near the rail, watching the ship slip through the water; and others kept up a nervous promenade up and down the deck.

Before long, we passed through the Golden Gate. Truly golden, it seemed to us watchers, bathed, as it was, in the warm rays of the late afternoon sun; and golden, too, for it was the last bit of land on which we should look for some days to come.

As we journeyed on and struck out into the rough waters of the Pacific, we all began to feel perceptibly the motion of the boat. Many began to feel dizzy, then dizzier, and ultimately sick and sicker; and many were there who began to sigh for the firm land bounding the harbor, rocky, but gold, now, without alloy to that seasick set.

I was one of the fortunate ones; for, as the night came on and the wind strengthened, making waves so large that the boat rolled away over, or pitched with that peculiar three-cornered motion—half a roll, half a pitch—so trying to stomachs of landsmen, I found myself immune. All through the night, although it was so rough our porthole had to be closed, and although groanings from the lower berth called out for the sympathy that misery loves, my digestive system remained sane and true to its proper functions.

On the morrow, when I took my early morning walk around the deck, I was thankful that seasickness had passed me by. Such a woe-begone, faded-out, sickly-hued collection of corpselike bodies, lolling in steamer-chairs, or weakly sidling over to the railing, never had I seen. Here and there, one convalescing, or under the impression that he was convalescing, would try to get a little coffee down, or try to nibble a cracker; but, as a rule, such attempts ended in failure.

It was not until the third day out at dinner that the dining-room gave any indication at all of the number of passengers aboard. We had, of course, our lists of passengers, and so knew how many we were, we who had turned our backs on our homeland; but, for a long time, one would hear the remark, or possibly himself make the observation:

"Well, now, he hasn't been down before," or: "I guess this is his first trip to the table."

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One family of tourists did nothing but laze on deck for the first two weeks of the voyage, even after we left Honolulu, in fact; and, although they developed the usual sea appetite they still persisted in keeping up the appearance of great exhaustion, much to the annoyance of the captain, who seemed to think that their continued illness was making too great demands on the services of the Chinese stewards.

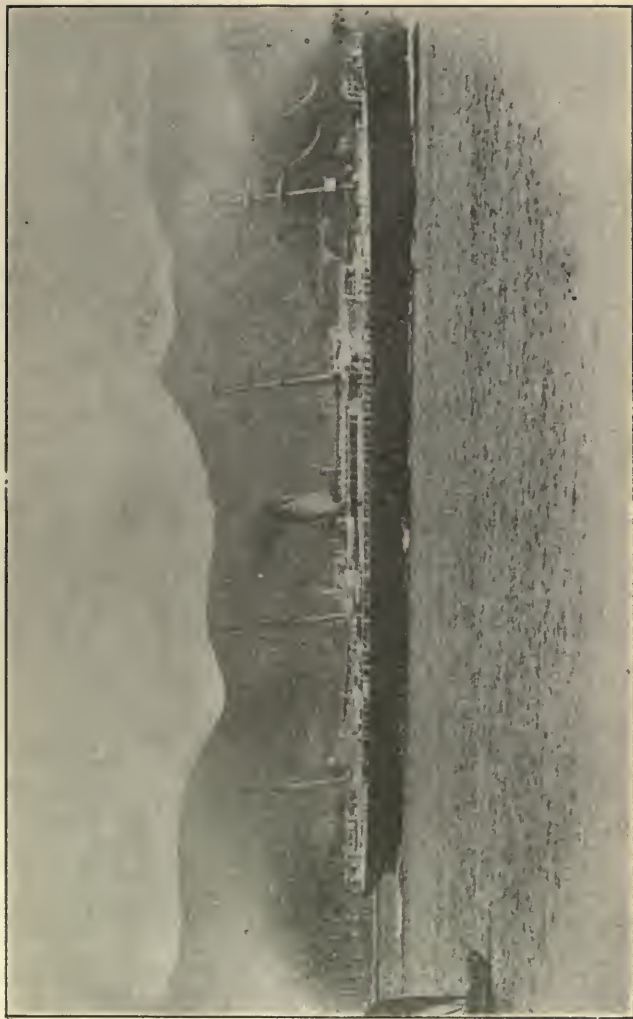
By the morning of the fourth day out, some of the stronger ones among the sick began to show an interest in the various games provided by the ship's company for the amusement of the passengers. Several sets of quoits were in use, and shuffleboard, a sort of deck billiards, interested some of the young women and the men. By far the greater number of the male passengers spent the most of their days pent up in the smoking-room, forsaking the blue of the cloudless sky and the sparkling blue of the ocean for the blue of tobacco smoke; and blue it was, so blue that one inveterate user of the weed, with whom I afterward became acquainted, sickened of tobacco, gave it up completely, and never smoked again. There they sat, school-teachers many of them, reeking in blue smoke thick enough to cut with a knife, from morning until night, playing some card game.

On the day before we reached Honolulu, the wind went down so that scarce a zephyr stirred. Toward evening, a number of us went out to watch the sun set, and I felt then, and still feel just as strongly,

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as I recall those early impressions, that there is nothing quite so beautiful as a sunset in the tropics. The ball of fire was as red as blood, and, as it neared the horizon, seemed to be shorn of all its rays. It looked just as the rising moon looks on many a sultry summer's night in America. One could look directly at it, continuously, as at the moon, without in the least hurting the eyes, and could watch it go down and down until, at last, the ball would disappear, dipping as for a bath into the sea. The accompanying effects were beautiful. The clouds were exquisitely tinted, and were reflected in the still water of the ocean, in colors somewhat paler, but yet distinct. There was one combination that struck my fancy, a pale shade of opaque green and a liquid pearl-gray. I had never before seen green in the sky. The rare shade must have come about through a mixture of the blue rays from the water of the ocean, and the lingering reddish-yellow rays of the sun already below the horizon. Rainbows flashed their many hues in the spray as the boat rushed on through the water. But the second gong for dinner sounded, and we went below.

This evening, the dining-room showed few empty chairs. There was not a vacant seat at our table, which was the Doctor's table; and, that night, we were a jolly party. The Doctor had managed to have two young ladies going to the Philippines as nurses, and a young married couple seated at our table. The



O. & O. S. S. "DORIC".

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Doctor was a great humorist, or *near* joke-maker, I ought to say, and he generally kept things very lively. That night before we reached Honolulu, whether because all our women were for the first time at table, or whether in anticipation of a stroll on the beach and a swim at Wai-ki-ki, he surpassed himself in turning pretty compliments, in telling little anecdotes, and in making fun and conversation move along briskly.

The specterlike dining stewards, dressed in their long, spotless white tunics, their pigtails hanging limply down their backs, slipped around silently, enlivened now and then by a little of the Doctor's wit. He had such a remarkable way of ordering things, remarkable it seemed to me, unsophisticated as I was. He would say: "Now, Charlie" (our stewards were all either Charlie or John), "you catchy me some fish," or, "You hook me a hunk of bread." But it was not to be a great while before I, myself, was to drop into the Americanized way of addressing Oriental servants.

While we were still at dinner, word was passed that land was in sight. Some of those who had been so distressingly ill hurried on deck to try to get a glimpse through the gloom of the starlit night, of the only safe and sure footing for possessors of uncertain stomachs; but, as I was not nearly so much interested in land as I was in doing justice to my faithful digestive apparatus, I kept right on through

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the pudding, the ice-cream, and the coffee. I even lingered a moment over the finger-bowl to make answer to one of the Doctor's bright ones, before I leisurely ascended the stairs and strolled out on the deck and over to the railing.

In the hazy distance lay three indistinct cloudlike formations. These were the Hawaiian Islands, our first land since 'Frisco.

We spent the evening in looking over the guide-books of the capital, Honolulu; for, as we were to stay only a day, we should be able to see only Honolulu and its immediate environs.

A notice had been posted that we should be called for quarantine inspection just before breakfast, and that we should be at the dock ready to disembark by eight o'clock. By six bells—I had by this time learned to tell the time of day by the ship's bell—all passengers were below, safely tucked away in their little berths, dreaming of wandering through the beautiful scenes of tropical Honolulu. Shortly after the bell sounded, I, too, hied me to my stateroom down in the bowels of the ship.

CHAPTER II.

A CITY OF THE TROPICS.

THE next morning, we were hurrying into our clothes, and trying to make ourselves presentable in as short a time as could be. The port doctors were already on board, and the third and last gong had just been sounded up and down through all the passages of the ship.

When I reached the dining-room, I was greeted with a round of applause; for I was somewhat late; but there were five or six others also a little late, so I had my turn at teasing the slow ones. Many had been waiting in the dining-saloon for some time. The inspection, it seemed, could not begin until all passengers were either present or otherwise accounted for.

At last, the doctors and the head steward got everything to balance up as it should. The names on the ship's passenger list were called, and we each in turn passed between four physicians acting as inspectors and on up the stairs. As nobody was ill, nobody was detained, only the doctors wanted to make sure of each passenger being able to walk.

Immediately after the formalities of the inspection were over, the "Doric" steamed on into the inner harbor to her dock. Breakfast over, all the passengers swarmed over the gangplank and out on the wharf. Carriages there were in plenty and at prices comparatively reasonable; but walking on good, firm, dry land, after our five days at sea, seemed quite enough.

A number of us decided on a walking tour, and, inasmuch as the business portion of the city looked not unlike that of most American cities, we directed our steps toward the residence districts. The remnants of the old days, when the country was ruled by the swarthy nobility of the Islands, and the tropical foliage and flowers were to us the attractive features of the place. Our way led down a broad well-kept street, lined on either side with stretches of cocoanut-palms, shading, rather insufficiently with their feathery tops, the even stone walks beneath.

Now and then, we passed a residence far back from the street, with beautiful lawns coming down to meet the walk under the leafy hedge of hibiscus, which, with their brilliant red, scentless flowers, hemmed in the grounds of most of the houses. On many of the street corners, or beneath the shade of any exceptionally large tree, broad-nosed native women, in loose-fitting Mother Hubbards, offered flowers for sale, some of them strung into a sort of necklace; but everything around us was so flowery and beautiful

that it seemed a waste of money to purchase flowers.

We continued on up the street toward the palace of Queen Lil. This fine building, now used for government offices, is set in a beautiful, though by no means spacious, park. Palms of different kinds add to the effect produced by various clumps of hibiscus and other flowering shrubbery.

The outside doors of the palace—I like to style it palace—were open; so we walked in through the main hall and up a broad, curving staircase of dark, rich-colored wood, heavily carved. It all looked a fitting abode for blue blood. The floors were of a highly polished dark wood, the ceilings and walls were frescoed in harmonizing tints, the windows were broad and airy looking. Everything, however, except the central hall of the building, was closed. We learned afterward it was an official holiday, and, had we not met the janitor we should have had to leave without having seen the throne-room, where, in days gone by, black royalty ruled over the inhabitants of the Hawaiian group.

The janitor was at first doubtful as to his right to open the stately room for the benefit of mere sight-seers; but a little coin of the realm eased the situation, and the large double doors were thrown back. A spacious hall, paneled in very dark, highly polished wood, almost black, with large windows fitted with inside blinds, lay open before us. There were five other double doors similar to the one through which

we had entered, all opening from the entrance hall directly into the throne-room. The effect on some occasion of state, with the great glass chandeliers glowing with electric bulbs and all the doors thrown open into the entrance hall, with its graceful sweep of stair, must have been very imposing.

Toward the back of the room, on a platform, stood three chairs, one of which was larger and finer than the other two. As this large chair stood under a flaming red canopy, with colored trimmings and much fringe, naturally we took it to be the throne; so we all, in turn, sat in it, thinking, I presume, to absorb a little blue blood or to take up into our clothes even a faint scent of royalty, albeit of a shady dynasty. Imagine our disappointment when the janitor told us that the throne had been taken to pieces years before, that we had seated ourselves only in a government chair.

The floor of the room was covered with a red and brown colored carpet in a palm-leaf design. Our janitor told us it was really used during the reign of the late Queen; so we all promptly began to walk up and down the length of the room. The pictures of the royal family were hanging on the walls just as they hung before Queen Lil was deposed. We wanted to see the suite of rooms formerly occupied by the Queen; but the guide was weary or else dissatisfied with the amount of his tip, so he refused to show us anything more.

We turned our attention again to the portraits. As pictured in oil, the royalties looked a coarse, dark-skinned, broad-nosed, greasy set, and the massive gilt moldings framing each painting made them all look cheap, like Chicago negroes. The features of our janitor were refined and regular and his skin was a clear olive. He looked a great deal better than the blooded stock in the portraits; but, then, very likely the janitor had white blood in his veins.

Leaving the palace, we walked leisurely up the street. Some little distance on, we came to a park, where there were a number of banyan-trees, their multiple trunks forming countless pillars to the leafy roof above.

The "Doric" was not to continue on her way to Japan until some time in the early morning, so we were able to take advantage of an invitation extended to all "Doric" passengers to attend a ball to be given in the roof-garden of the largest hotel in Honolulu. The ball was to be given in honor of United States naval officers, who, after a two weeks' stay in the pretty city, were about to set out with the fleet westward.

Many of the passengers did not care anything about going to the ball; but I was in for seeing everything within the limits of my pocketbook; so, as the ball was free, I went. It was all very novel; for many national airs of Hawaii were sung in the native language, and other features, too, reminded

one continually that the ball was quite different from such as are given in the States. A number of those receiving much attention seemed to be native Hawaiians. They were, probably, some of those connected in former times with the ruling house. At least, they were sufficiently dark and sufficiently homely to remind one of the portraits on the palace walls.

Feeling somewhat tired and sleepy, I left the gay scenes of the ball and returned once more to the ship. As I went up the gangplank, two dainty Chinese women, in shiny black-silk trousers, widely bordered with a band of light-colored silk in Persian design, and with little silk jackets similarly bordered, came on board. They had the tiny lily feet one so often reads of, and so had to be assisted in walking in order to prevent them from falling overboard. They wore in their ears large pendants of a pale-green stone, jade, I believe it was, and right in the center of each lip was a bright-red spot, which made them look very odd. I thought, of course, these Chinese women would travel first class; for they were so well dressed and apparently so prosperous; but they were shown down into the second cabin. I never saw them again; for they did not appear on the deck all the rest of the voyage. I have often wondered how they stood the trip and whether or not they were seasick.

We got under way some time after midnight. I

had hoped by arising early in the morning to get one last look at the mountains near Honolulu harbor, for they were of good size; but, unfortunately, I was a little later in getting up than I had planned. When I appeared on deck, the mountains were barely discernible on the eastern horizon. I watched the water slush, slush, along the "Doric's" sides. We had left the last, the very last outpost of the Occident, and were fast journeying into that land of mysteries and oddities, into our new world, the Orient.

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CHAPTER III.

FROM HONOLULU TO YOKOHAMA.

WE were now well started on the longest stretch of our journey, a distance of thirty-four hundred miles northwest to Yokohama, Japan's famous seaport. We should be ten days on the trip, we were told, ten days out of sight of land. At first, how to put in the time seemed likely to be a serious problem; but, as the hours rolled by, and then the days, the time proved to be passing not at all unpleasantly.

On the evening of the first day out of Honolulu, we saw some flying fish skimming from wave to wave, and, later, just about sunset, somebody saw a whale spouting away off far from the ship. A large crowd went out to the prow to see the sun go down to its watery bed, and, as we stood watching, we sang many songs lustily as we had done the first evening out of 'Frisco.

Leaving the land, and perhaps certain ill-defined fears of a possible accident or shipwreck seem to bind a crowd of passengers closely together for the first day or two, and sunset concerts are the rule;

but I knew it would not be long before the singing would be given up, and that, in a few days, the only people going out to sit on the great anchors at the prow would be the sunset worshippers, of whom I was one of the most devout. Never did I tire of seeing the great orb of day sink slowly beneath the waves.

We had taken on a great many tropical fruits at Honolulu, so we were not deprived of the opportunity of tasting them, as we feared we should be, for most of us had been so busy sightseeing that we had not thought to try any of the fruits of the country while on shore. We found only two with which we were unfamiliar: the papaya and the alligator-pear. Few were they among the passengers of the "Doric" that had any use for either. The papaya was pronounced by many insipid and sickish. Although I myself afterward became very fond of papayas, I remember, at that first meal, I put mine to one side and took a banana instead. Afterward, there came a time when the half-peach, half-melon meat of this peppery flavored fruit tempted me to part with more than one medio peso—twenty-five cents in gold. The alligator-pear appeals only to those who dote on oddities. Served as a fruit, it is in reality a ready-made salad, and requires just a little vinegar, a pinch of pepper and one of salt, and just a suspicion of olive-oil to make an ideal dish for one whose liking for salads—or for curiosities—leads him to try it.

I took one of the fruits, split it in the prescribed fashion, doped it up as recommended by our Doctor, and then tasted it. I didn't like it one bit. Since then, at various times, I have tried to learn to like the fruit; but I have never been able to make much headway.

After breakfast the second day out, I went to the prow of the boat to watch her cut her way through the smooth sea, and to be on the lookout for any flying fish that might be gliding along over the surface of the water. There were no waves; the sea was like glass. I was not disappointed about seeing flying fish, for there were several flitting here and there; but there were not so many as when I at first saw them, for we were now leaving the warm waters of the tropics, as we kept on northwest toward Japan.

After some time spent aft the boat, out near the huge anchors, I turned to go back to the promenade deck; and as I passed the forward hatch, which stood open, a very unusual sight, though I hope a happening of regular occurrence, met my eyes. Our Chinese stewards were taking a bath. There they sat in a half circle on the floor of the deck below, without a stitch on them, scrubbing away as hard as could be with soap and water. I watched them till their yellow skins shone a clear buff, then continued walking. At luncheon, all the stewards looked brighter and cleaner; so, though their man-

ner of bathing was somewhat immodest, it was quite as effective as in the porcelain tubs in the first-class accommodations. It was not that the stewards were other than neat and clean before the bath I witnessed; but, knowing that they had been cleaning up, I noticed them more particularly. They did seem brighter. Our own steward, with his three gold teeth polished to the point of iridescence, with his horse-hair-like cue slicked back till it shone, and with his pale yellow face of marble, seemed fairly to radiate light as he glided noiselessly in and out of the dining-room, bringing us viands or taking away our empty plates; for all of us by this time ate heartily every meal.

The Doctor, off and on, all this time, kept up his jokes and more or less pointed remarks. At some meals, he was a little more given to indulging in his pranks than at others, and, sometimes, he was apt to continue his sociability even after we had left table.

One day after luncheon, Miss L. had settled herself in her steamer chair alongside of Mrs. H., the married woman of our table, for a little bit of reading, a little bit of chatting, and a little bit of snoozing, as is the wont of those undertaking this interminable journey; but the Doctor had other plans. He felt in a mood even more than usually companionable; for he had just digested a story or two, which he felt he could tell with somewhat added gusto and heightened effect. The women were both

drowsy, and, although they liked the Doctor very much (for after two weeks on the water, eating every day at the same table, people become well acquainted), they knew that inseparably entwined with his many good qualities was a disagreeable propensity for long-winded stories, a talent that, after the novelty wore off, made the Doctor at times rather tiresome. Exercising the privilege of water-weary travelers, it did not take the women long to let the Doctor know that they would rather doze in their chairs than talk, or even listen; for the Doctor did not expect anything more of them than their auditory nerves, and an occasional glance of appreciation and approval. Of course, the women took a very nice way to make known how they felt; but the Doctor was very apparently annoyed. He considered himself snubbed, although he was not. He was merely silenced.

That night at dinner, the Doctor reached the table before any of the rest of us, although, as a rule, he came down late. Miss L. finished her soup without mishap; then, she sipped a little water from her glass. Without a word, without a look at anybody, not even at Mrs. H., she arose, left the saloon, and did not return. The next day, I found out the cause of Miss L.'s sudden departure from our festal board. Mrs. H. confided to me the reason: the Doctor had put salt in Miss L.'s glass of water.

It was some days before Miss L. again came down

to her meals, preferring the quiet of the deck to her risky seat next our kiddish Doctor. When she did come down, I had it all planned to give her a chance of getting even with the Doctor if she cared to do so. I did not offer my assistance from any fear that Miss L. was unable to cope with the Doctor, to give him as good as he sent, not at all; for I considered her quite capable of bribing our "John" to put red pepper in his coffee or of herself adroitly administering the dose. What I did feel afraid of was that Miss L.'s memory of the glass of salty water might have been somewhat dimmed by the many lonesome meals she had taken in her self-imposed exile to the upper deck. Wishing to make sure of Miss L.'s being given a chance to retaliate, I penned a little poem setting forth some of the Doctor's most interesting characteristics and arranged with the steward to put it under her plate.

Well, Miss L. found the poem, and it was read by the whole table. There was much laughing over it—yet the Doctor did not come. Miss L. weakened when, finally, she saw his form, a little given to corpulency, swing through the door and approach our table. She had little to say all through the meal, and the Doctor was formality itself. I have often wondered if he suspected the little paper that lay concealed beneath Miss L.'s belt. I wonder what he would have thought of the lines. They ran something like this:

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To Our Doctor.

The good old Doc.,
With his little stock
Of stories worn and old,
Tried to entertain
A charming twain
Of girls with natures cold.

Their hearts he'd warm,
Though they turned in scorn,
This vow to himself he made.
So he set to work
Like a dry-goods clerk,
And his best on the counter laid.

There were jokes with joints,
And jokes with points,
And each was intended to hit.
But the best of the fun
Was that Doc. never won,
For none of his jokes ever fit.

Yet the Doc.'s not half bad,
And we feel very sad
That we soon shall be far from his spell,
Where the air is so hot
That all will soon rot,
Yes, even a chestnut or sell.

FROM HONOLULU TO YOKOHAMA.

Then let us shake hands,
Secure some strong cans,
And screw down the Doctor's jokes tight.
We may want them some day,
When far, far away,
And then they'll seem fresh and bright.

Every afternoon from this time on, four of us played shuffleboard for an hour or two. It was lots of fun and not so tiring as it was nearer Honolulu; for, as we continued on our northwesterly course, the air became cooler and cooler. But one could not play shuffleboard all the time, and quoits soon became monotonous.

I went into the library one morning, and almost fell asleep; everything and everybody looked so drowsy and so uninteresting. Yet late in the afternoon, something of interest, outside of the ordinary course of events, did happen. The engines stopped churning, and the old "Doric" came to a sudden standstill. Some loons were sure we had struck bottom, and some, in their mind's eye, could plainly see a jagged rock lacerating our very vitals. The ship continued cradling lazily in the gentle swell. We did not begin to sink; so, gradually, the excitement subsided. We learned afterward that a piston-rod needed repacking. Such a little thing, after all! There is no accounting for what a crowd of landsmen will imagine when even the least little

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thing gets out of order on a ship far from land.

A somewhat belated desire for sociability led some of the passengers, while we were still some distance from the Japanese coast, to make an attempt to get up a sort of literary society. There were a missionary journeying for the sixth or seventh time to pagan lands, several who sang, and one or two who could recite fairly well. I remember little about it, only the missionary made several remarks that were not especially interesting, and I played something or other on the piano, a little old-fashioned Steinway, rusty of string and most uncertain of action. Altogether, our efforts helped to while away a few of the evening hours.

The next morning, we awoke to find the sea tempest-tossed, and the ship pitching and straining like a giant swing. Many again began to feel that peculiar churning and uncertainty in their stomachs which prefaces always an attack of seasickness. I, myself, was, as usual, care-free and much exhilarated by the stiff breeze, the thrashing of the waves, and the, to me, delightful swinging motion of the boat.

I would go out to the stern and stand by the hour. The boat would shoot away up in the air, bringing her propellers clear out of the water, and leaving them to race without resistance in mid-air. Then down we would go so that the stern would sink to the water's edge, and sometimes ship a little water

FROM HONOLULU TO YOKOHAMA.

under the railing against which I clung. I shall never forget the sensations brought about by the gigantic swoop of the stern of that good old "Doric" as she dropped from heavenly heights down, down, to the very surface of the water. Many times, as she came down, a mountain wave would heap itself just astern, seeming ready to crash in on the deck to murder me where I stood; but, before it had gathered its full strength, the stern of the "Doric" would begin its ascent skyward, and the great pile of water would break harmlessly far below me.

When I tired of watching the storm from the stern, I went up to the prow and sat clinging to the anchor chains as I let the spray-saturated wind dash against my face. The crash and thunder of the waves was far more noticeable here than on any other portion of the ship; for she would run her nose right into the great masses of water, cleaving them into tall fountains on either side.

It was not long, of course, before I had to go to my stateroom; for I was wet to the skin. On the way back, I slipped and fell on the wet deck; but I picked myself up and managed to gain the main deck and from there my stateroom without further trouble. As I entered the hall on my way down, I noticed the steward posting the notice that we should reach Yokohama the next morning early, and must, as at Honolulu, get up early for inspection.

The "Doric's" engines had stopped and the boat lay

IN THE LAND OF THE FILIPINO.

quietly at anchor in the still waters of the outer harbor of Yokohama, when I opened my eyes and stretched my muscles, somewhat stiffened by their long exposure to the wind and weather of the day before. Determined not to be a second time one of the tardy ones at inspection, I dressed immediately and looked in at the dining-room. Seeing there was nobody there, for it was earlier than I had supposed, I went up on deck to get my first view of Japan.

There lay before me, just as I had so many times seen pictured, the sacred mountain of Japan, the perfect Fuji. Just like a picture, too, it looked, a little hazy around the summit, for the sun's rays had not yet dispelled the moisture from the atmosphere, but in other parts clear and distinct. I thought, at the time, I had never seen a mountain look so truly a mountain. Rising as it does from the level of the sea, it does not have to share a part of its height with a gradually rising table-land as do many of our famous American peaks. Every foot of Fuji's stature counts directly and only for Fuji. A grand mountain is Fuji, fit to guard a harbor and a port such as are found beneath her protecting shadows. As the mists cleared, I saw that the mountain was capped with snow.

The quarantine officers came on board, and inspection was soon over. The engines started, and we steamed slowly through the breakwater into the inner harbor. But we did not go up to a dock; we

FROM HONOLULU TO YOKOHAMA.

anchored out some distance. To reach the wharf, we had either to take the ship's tender, a saucy little tug, or else one of the native sampans, a peculiar Japanese boat propelled by a single oar, worked back and forth at the stern.

Almost all the passengers were going on shore. Land looked pretty good to us after so many days at sea. We crowded on the little tender like bees a-swarming, and up we steamed to the great stone wharf. We were about to set foot in the land of the valiant little Japs.

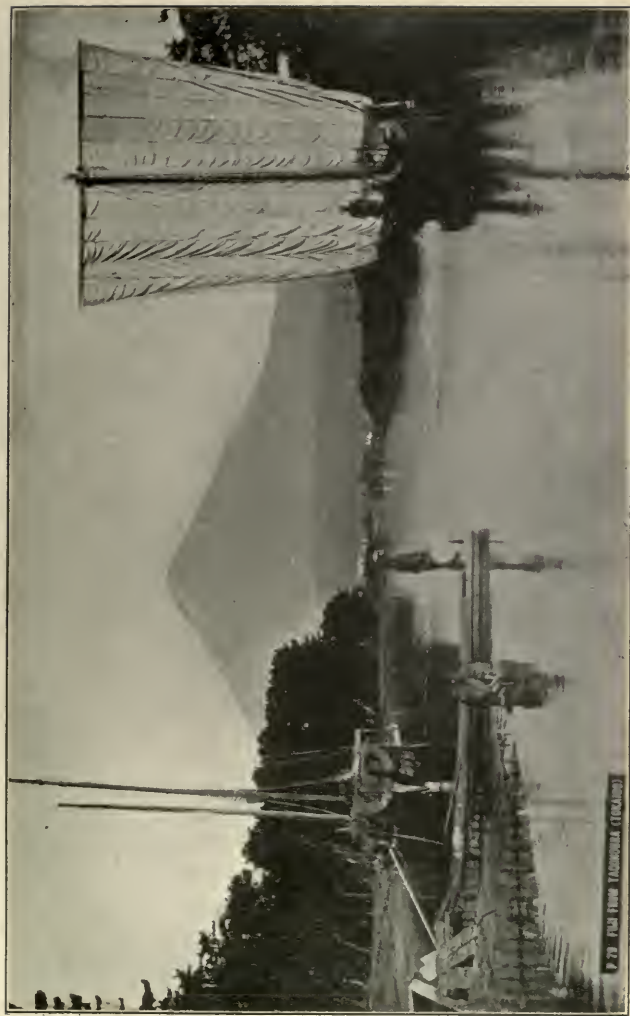
CHAPTER IV.

JAPANESE CITIES.

BEFORE being permitted to go out from the wharf into the city of Yokohama, we had to pass custom-house officials stationed near the gateway leading out on the main thoroughfare. Unless one was lugging considerable baggage, the inspection amounted to little, and was, on the whole, perfunctory. I carried nothing but the small amount of money I had with me. I was allowed to pass with scarcely a word.

Jinrikishas, the man-drawn carriages of the Japs, stood lined up twenty or more on each side of the street. As we Americans came along, we were immediately besieged by a clamorous throng of ignorant 'rikisha men. More to get rid of their racket than for any other reason, I seated myself in a 'rikisha. All the other dozen or so of fellows around me expressed their ill will at my choice by yelling even louder than ever. I struck a commanding thump with my foot on the floor of the 'rikisha and away we went fast and furious. I had chosen, although without thinking anything about it, a rubber-tired vehicle; but, before my morning ride was over,

FUJI YAMA



EASY RIDING.



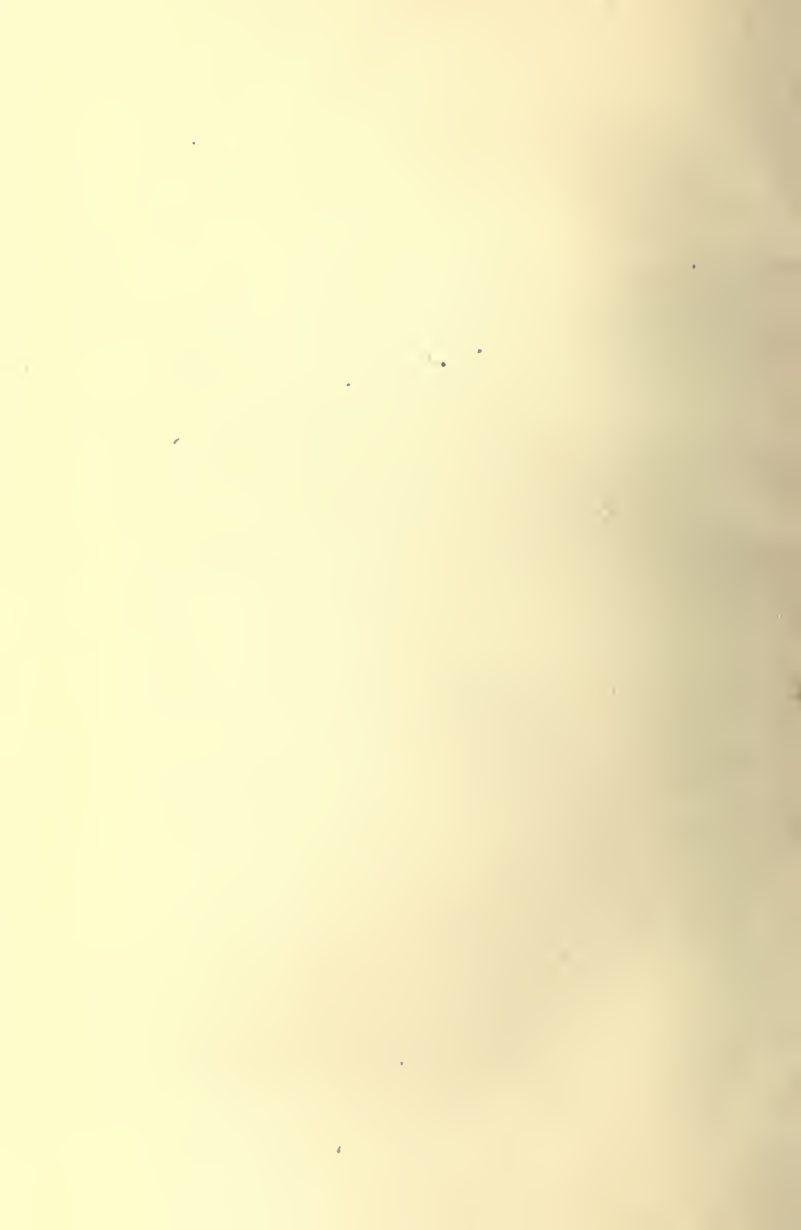




A JAPANESE TEMPLE.



TEMPLE STEPS.



JAPANESE CITIES.

I thanked my brain time and again for that sub-conscious choice. Many of the narrower streets were rough and poorly paved; thanks to my rubber tires, I bounced along over them without marked discomfort.

Yokohama did not impress me greatly. To me, its chief beauty lay in its excellent harbor, guarded perpetually by Fuji, and filled at all times with the great merchant ships of other nations, as well as those of Japan herself coming and going, or lying quietly at anchor; and, too, the countless quaint Japanese junks flitting here and there, now and again coming near being run down by some huge liner on its way to or from the harbor. The business portion of the city looked to me too well built up, too American, in fact, to be of much interest. On the other hand, the native quarters looked too squalid, too dirty, to be ventured into with impunity; so, after whiling away the morning looking at silks and examining a few pieces of porcelain, I decided to put in the remaining portion of the day—we were to sail that night—by making a flying trip to Tokio. I knew I should have a very short time there, but thought perhaps I should be able to see a little of Japanese life on the way up and back; and I did.

At the station, after having purchased my ticket, I went out on the platform. By and by, the little engine and its train of first, second, and third-class

IN THE LAND OF THE FILIPINO.

coaches, all English made, came chug-chugging up. It looked almost a caricature, but it was not. I soon found it could poke along its twenty miles or more an hour. As soon as it stopped, a crowd of Japanese men, women, and children piled out of the train. They all had on their wooden shoes, little stiltlike affairs on which they balanced themselves first on one foot, then on the other, as they clank-clanked along over the concrete station walk. Afterward, I was told that the ship companies had forbidden the use of this style of shoe on board ship or on the docks, because of the awful clatter that always accompanies their use.

The train fussed along on its narrow-gauge track, in and out among the rice-fields of the Japs. Once in a while, a little village could be seen, with a few clumps of bamboo near, and a tiled roof or two to add a touch of color to the scene. The famous wistaria, the cherry-blossoms, and the peach-blossoms were nowhere in evidence. I had struck the Kingdom of the Rising Sun when decked only in its earthly browns and dull, winter-blown greens.

Before a great while, the train reached Tokio. I got out of my second-class carriage, and all the Japs got out, too, and clattered up the concrete pavement to a little gate, where, before one could leave the station, tickets had to be shown again. As at Yokohama, jinrikishas offered a comfortable and fast means of getting around. I settled myself in one of

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the little carriages; and, after making the man-horse understand that I had only a short time at my disposal and wished to be taken to the Tombs of the Shoguns quickly—how I made him grasp the situation, I can't recall—away I was whirled.

Sightseeing by one's self offers this advantage: there is never any time wasted in wrangling over which among several places of interest is the one that ought first to be visited. I whisked up one narrow street and down another, lined on each side with houses that looked as though they had been transplanted from some second-rate European capital. The little carriage flew around a corner here and around a curve or two farther down.

We drew up at last alongside a great stretch of buildings occupying a whole square, and a pretty big square, too. This was the Temple of the Shoguns, my guide informed me; so I got down. My 'rikisha man, he was acting as guide, too, talked a little with an attendant standing at the great gate leading into the temple. It was arranged that I pay twenty sen—ten cents—to see the interior of the temple, the gods, and the tombs of the shoguns. A very fair price, thought I, as I entered. I had been told some time previously that, if I cared to view a temple, I should have to remove my shoes and enter the presence of the gods in my stocking feet. There could be no cause at all for raising any objections to this custom; for, surely, no one would care to wear a

heavy shoe on such beautifully clean and fresh matting as covered the floor of that temple.

The idols, huge, gawky creatures, were placed toward the back of the rather roomy audience chamber of the temple. Several worshippers were kneeling before the idols. The air was close and heavy with the fragrant smoke of incense. A fat priest, in a long robe, struck on a gong at intervals, and a dismal, awe-inspiring sound issued therefrom. Every time the gong sounded those awful tones, the people kneeling moaned in unison, and the head priest did whatever he was doing, I could not make out just what it was, all the harder.

Pressed for time, I did not linger at this religious service, but went with my attendant up a flight of fifty stone steps—the temple was built against a hill—to the tombs of the shoguns. Each shogun had a queer pagoda-shaped mausoleum, rather elaborately decorated with carved stone and with wrought bronze doors in filigree work, all to himself. Each mausoleum contained a massive urn wrought of richly-molded bronze, and securely covered with a heavy top of the same metal. In this costly urn reposed all that was left of the once haughty shogun, whose name was engraved on the rim of the top. There were a great many of these mausoleums; but they were all very nearly alike. I stayed to look at only three of them.

As I descended the steps, I noticed a great many



CANDLES MAN-SIZE.



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objects about eight feet high, very ornate, some being of bronze, some of stone. There must have been hundreds of them in the temple grounds. The priest said they were candlesticks, though they are generally called lanterns; but, in either case, who would care for a candlestick or a lantern much larger than a man? They were used, the priest continued, on certain state occasions in the religious ceremonies of the temple. The whole yard of the temple was full of these giant affairs, and the Emperor, the priest said, fearing there would not be quite enough, had just the week before donated to the temple fifty brand-new ones. I could not help remarking:

"How thoughtful of the Emperor." Fortunately, nobody understood.

My watch told me I would have to hurry if I wished to catch the train; so my 'rikisha man set off at a smart pace, touched up a little with the promise, made in the sign language, of an extra ten-sen piece for quick work. I reached the station just in time to show the return half of my ticket and to board the train.

Arriving at the Yokohama *hati-ba*—wharf—I found the last tender to the ship just gone; so I had to consign myself to the tender mercies of the sampan, and that, too, on a dark night and with a freshening wind already stirring up the waters of the harbor. I hesitated to trust myself out on the deep in such a frail shell; but there was no alternative, for the

"Doric" was to sail before dawn, and the tender had made her last trip out.

While I stood making the boatmen try to understand to which ship I wished to be taken, another belated sightseer came up, and, when I saw it was my roommate, Mr. M., I was glad indeed. Why is it that misery loves company and sympathy and all the other y's that one friend can give to another? Without further hesitation, we embarked.

As soon as we shot out from the shelter of the wharf, the sampan rocked as though bent on making us all, including the oarsman and the man at the prow with the lantern, deathly sick; but we managed to stand it. The whole harbor flashed with points of light: the lanterns of the sampan dipping up and down with the motion of the choppy sea, the electric lights of the large vessels shining bright and steady farther out. Although there were lights by the thousands, it was so dark one could scarcely make out anything at all; for it was beyond the power of small lights to dispel the heavy black of that cloudy night. The "Doric" lay very far out. It must have been more than a half a mile. For some time, we found ourselves unable to separate the lights of the "Doric" from the maze of other lights directly in our path; but we knew the general direction, and it was well we did, as it turned out, for our boatmen were not at all sure to which boat we wished to be taken. They were trusting entirely to us to guide them.

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We ran into one sampan headed the other way without any light showing. We came near being cut in two, and, for a moment, thought we were sinking; but we managed to fend, and so got out of the scrape without other damage than that done to our clothes by the water we shipped.

As we drew near the large ships, we made out the "Doric" from among the others, and steered toward her. I don't know as I have ever been so thankful for anything in my life as I was to climb up the "Doric's" passenger-ladder and to know that I was once more aboard a safe and sound vessel. Besides, the "Doric" had begun to seem almost like home.

About noon of the next day, we reached Kobe. We anchored some distance out from the shore, and so had to depend on the ship's tender, or on sampans, in order to land. As at Yokohama, jinrikishas offered an easy and inexpensive way of getting about. A crowd of us were soon whirling away; but we soon separated and each went his way, seeking that which seemed likely to prove most interesting.

Kobe is much more Japanese in general appearance than is Yokohama. There is not much of anything in the town to remind one of another civilization. There are no electric cars, no business blocks modeled after European standards, and, though there are electric lights, they do not force themselves on one's attention as do the great arc lights of our American cities.

Kobe was, to me, altogether pleasing. I drove, or rather asked to be hauled, to the porcelain stores, where I saw tea-sets of the thinnest ware imaginable, very much like opaque glass, and various styles of vases, bonbon dishes, and odd pieces in the famous Satsuma and cloisonné. The tea-sets, although apparently all fashioned from the same thin biscuit, varied greatly in price, according to the manner in which they were decorated, and, also, I believe, according to the shape of the cups and larger pieces. Many of the sets were quite cheap; but, on these, the decorations had been merely transferred. These sets were, for the most part, gaudy in brilliant red dots, bands and scrolls. The more expensive sets were generally done by hand, and, on these, costly gold paint was used instead of the vivid red coloring. All the extra fine sets were kept in glass cases, under lock and key. One of these sets received my special attention. It was in its way a remarkable specimen of Japanese art. The biscuit had first been dusted over lightly with powdered gold, after which a group of tiny Japanese women and bald-headed Jap men, with a tea-house in the background, was painted in harmonizing tints across one side of each piece. On part of the opposite side was painted a group of one of the flowers of Japan. There were wistaria, peach-blossoms, cherry-blossoms, chrysanthemums, et cetera. Each plate had a different flower, and there was a cup and saucer to

match each plate. Saucers and plates were banded, not with a plain gold band, as the somewhat crude taste of our American artists many times dictates, but with a circle of medallions of various shapes and sizes, some of raised or pebbled gold, some in the plain burnished effect, and some etched with spidery lines of color. The teapot in itself was a work of art. Across the front, around the spout, was the same group of little men and women as on the plates, and banked near the handle were several feathery chrysanthemums in delicate pink, arranged naturally without the slightest hint at stiffness. As a finishing touch, at the bottom, there was a broad stripe of the green that goes so well with gold, and on this stripe was wrought a very intricate scroll in raised gold. The top of the body of the teapot was finished with a collar of gold medallions to match the border of the plates. The cover was a complicated affair of closely-set geometric figures in green and gold.

Satsuma, at the time, did not appeal to me. The heavy biscuit decorated in deep tints with hideous heads of Japanese ogres and of genii, or with myriads of tiny Mongolian faces crowded so closely together as to make the decoration a mere chaos of noses, eyes, and hair, did not look to me beautiful. Subsequently, I learned to like the ware; and a rare piece, inside heavily studded with chrysanthemums in conventional designs, and outside a veritable flower-garden, with a few birds winging hither and thither,

reminds me daily of the danger to the purse that comes from too close a study of the beauties of Satsuma.

So long a time had I spent in the porcelain shops, dwelling on the beauties of Japanese fine things, that other attractions smacking more of earth and less of heaven had to be left unseen. It was time to return to the "Doric."

We were not to sail until noon the next day; but, when I went to bed, I had already made up my mind to rest during the morning hours, instead of going sightseeing. After breakfast, I lay in my chair, and, fanned by cool breezes, dreamily watched the other passengers hurrying away to Kobe to see just a little bit more; and, still dreaming, I watched them all flock back again just in time for luncheon.

The gongs sounded, the engines throbbed, and, once more, we started, this time to wind in and out of that far-famed passage, the Inland Sea. There were a great many green islands, and so many fishing junks that one wearied in looking at them. On the whole, I did not rave much over the famous stretch of pale-blue water; only I was glad I had seen it and had sailed through it.

At length, we came to the end of the tortuous passage, and Nagasaki lay on our right. We anchored out as usual. Almost immediately came the coal-lighters; for we were to coal at this place, and such a dirty job it was. All port-holes were closed

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and all the large rooms were shut up as tightly as possible. Then hundreds of men, women, and children, standing in line, from the coal-heaps on the lighters to the ship's sides and up ladders to the railings, passed up basket after basket full of coal, which were thrown by the men at the top of the line into the coal-bunkers. It must have been very hard work. I watched them a while, but not long; for I preferred to ride around Nagasaki in a 'rikisha.

In some of the Nagasaki shops, I saw prettily mottled tortoise-shell in the shape of combs of different sizes, buckles, little jewel-boxes, and such like. As I was going out of one of the shops, a procession passed by in the street. There were two drums and several fifelike instruments. They played a dreadful singsong air, rasping to the nerves. Following the musicians came several banner-bearers. I could think of nothing except some sort of religious procession; but the proprietor of the shop told me it was a Japanese advertising bureau. The band attracts the attention of the people as they pass, with the noise of fife and drum; on the banners is written the advertising matter.

Toward evening, we finished coaling, and, before we sat down to dinner all the lighters had left the ship. Soon after, we commenced our journey through the eastern entrance of the Inland Sea.

Some time during the forenoon of the next day, we anchored out in the muddy waters of the mouth

of the Yellow River. It was as near as ocean-going vessels ever get to Shanghai; but a good-sized river-boat came down and took all who cared to go fourteen miles up the river to the city. I chose to remain on the "Doric." The stay at Shanghai was to be very short indeed, scarcely long enough to pay for the trip up the river; besides, it was bleak and cold, such a change from the mild weather of Japan. But I did not miss anything by remaining on the ship. We had been riding at anchor not more than fifteen minutes before several Chinese junks, filled with energetic Chinese merchants, came alongside. They threw long poles, having strong hooks on the ends, up against the sides of our vessel, and, having found a loop of rope or some joint in the iron plating of our sides, held their junks close and steady. Then, many of the merchants clambered up the steep sides of the "Doric", aided to some extent by rickety bamboo ladders. They spread their wares on the deck for the inspection of the passengers who had decided not to go up the river. They had for sale silk jackets lined with fur, tanned hides of fur-bearing animals for use as rugs; and some of the merchants offered crude crockery of Chinese make in the form of little teapots, heavy, and brick-red in color, without any decoration at all on them.

The venders themselves, in their large bamboo hats, were a pretty rough-looking set; but I never saw any merchants anywhere more anxious to please

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and more grateful for small purchases than were they.

The time gradually passed. Luncheon was served, and, shortly afterward, the river steamer came back from Shanghai, bringing besides the old crowd, several passengers for Hongkong.

I was very thankful when the "Doric" once more turned her prow toward the Tropic of Cancer.

CHAPTER V.

HONGKONG AND THE CHINA SEA.

THE trip down to Hongkong was the most momentous part of the voyage since leaving 'Frisco. We were all thoroughly tired of ocean travel; we were all anxious to settle ourselves once more on land. The novelty of traveling was fast wearing off, and there remained only the dreadful sameness. Each day, one awakened to go through a program identical with the one of the day preceding. We were, I believe, none of us gluttons, yet the day, after the five o'clock pre-breakfast cup of coffee, seemed naturally to divide itself into periods, each one ending with a meal. Eating had become the principal recreation of the "Doric" passengers. There would be, after the morning cup of coffee, our seven-thirty breakfast, our eleven o'clock bouillon, our one o'clock luncheon, our four o'clock tea, our seven o'clock dinner, and our ten o'clock supper. Then, some of us had to have our going-to-bed sandwiches an hour or two later. Our movements always headed toward some meal-time or other. Any one taking even the slightest notice of

conversation, casually heard in passing along the decks, could scarcely help noting that the different hours of the day seemed to hinge directly on the different times for eating. A couple starting out for an early morning promenade would likely remark:

"Now, we'll walk a little; then, it'll be time for breakfast."

A table of most absorbed whist-players would invariably come down to earth long enough for soup; a set about to begin a game of shuffleboard would always decide to play "just a little while, and then it'll be time for luncheon."

Eating played a very unusual part in our lives. Only too apparently, we lived to eat. Games were indulged in, but not with the old zest. Conversation lagged. Even when we passed Formosa, nobody seemed to get up any special enthusiasm. The Doctor, of course, being one of the ship's people, kept up his customary run of small talk; but his remarks, hard as he tried to make them interesting, did not liven up either Miss L. or Mrs. H. very much. Miss L. did not come to the table at all for two days. She had had a bad spell of the "blues," she told us, homesick as could be, and she had about cried her eyes out.

As we entered Hongkong harbor on the morning following Miss L.'s fit of the "blues," the spirit of the crowd of passengers returned somewhat. Every one was anxious to swallow as fast as possible a

little of this and a little of that and a sip of coffee, and then to hurry up on deck to watch the "Doric" slowly make her way between the towering rocks at the entrance, into the harbor.

It was a rare sight. The little bay lying between the coast of China and the mountain-island, Hong-kong, was crowded with shipping. Great liners from Europe, from Australia, and from all parts of the world; English cruisers, English battleships, English torpedo-boat destroyers, all in their dark-gray war-paint; and, as at Yokohama, hundreds and hundreds of junks, filled the stretch of harbor jammed full.

Toward our left as we entered, towered the great city, Victoria, built for the most part up the sides of the peak; toward our right, on the opposite side of the harbor from Victoria, on the mainland in fact, were the docks of the North German Lloyd and many immense warehouses, or "go-downs," as the English call them. As we were to leave the "Doric" for good and all at this port, we passengers had our baggage loaded into one or another of the many hotel launches, which came out to meet us.

Wishing to economize, some friends and myself chose a place of rather moderate charge—a dollar and a half a day for room and board, if I remember correctly. This place was up a little hill, on one side of which, as we walked on up the street, we saw bushels and bushels of flowers for sale: tea-roses in

their delicate shades of pink and yellow, violets, asters, camellias, great calla-lilies by the half dozen; every flower known to me lay heaped in large wicker baskets for sale, singly, by the dozen, or by the wagon-load to suit one's needs.

The venders crowded around us and insisted on our buying even to the extent of almost crushing the flowers against our noses. I bought a bouquet; then, there was a hubbub because I would not buy more. I had to strike one fellow in order to get away from him, so as to join my companions, who, not being as much interested in the flowers as was I, had continued on up the street. I learned afterward why there were so many flowers for sale at this particular place: I had been walking up the famous "Flower Street" of Hongkong, or of Victoria, I should put it; for Hongkong is really the name of the island, although everybody says Hongkong when speaking of the city.

Our boarding-place was not at all satisfactory. We, fifteen of us men, were crowded into two rooms, and the meals were such that we generally went away from the table half starved. I said to myself—so many remarks sound better when said to one's self—I said I would never again try to hunt up a cheap boarding-place, especially when in a foreign land. Yet as we were to be in the city so short a time, we made up our minds to stay on and to put up as best we could with bargain-counter meals.

Evening found us all dead tired. We retired early, so as to get in as much sightseeing on the morrow as our constitutions and pocketbooks would stand for. Forewarned by the supper of the night before, as what to expect for breakfast, we sat down to one hot cake, one egg, and one cup of coffee each, without a word of complaint. We knew that nothing could induce the ignorant coolie waiter to bring on another bit of food.

After breakfast, Mr. M. and I strolled down Flower Street, and I, immediately recognized as a lover of flowers, was again besieged by the whole crowd of over-zealous florists. I bought a bunch of sweet violets; then, we looked around for conveyances to take us to the Botanical Gardens. There were many 'rikishas; but we thought we would try the sedan-chairs, as they offered a new means of transportation. The chairs swing in the center of two long poles and are carried by two men. The motion is something sickening, for it is up and down, up and down, with a sort of jolting swing bad enough to bring on seasickness. Though the motion tried us at first, we did not give up the chairs. We thought they would be better for hill-climbing than the 'rikishas. We visited the gardens. Beautiful, they were, truly; for everything does well in the moist semi-tropical air of Hongkong.

We soon tired of the gardens, and we told our bearers to carry us to the Peak Railway. This in-

clined railroad ascends to greater height than any other of its kind in the world, and, like the Inland Sea and Fujiyama, it is justly famous. As on all inclined railways, two cars balance each other at the ends of a great steel cable. When one car starts up from the bottom, the other car starts down from the top. No doubt the fall of the down-going car assists the other in making the ascent; but large engines also play no small part in the control of the system. The cars stop at stations along the way, both going up and coming down, to take in or let off passengers. In some places along the line, in coming down, so sharp is the incline that one has really to hold tight for fear of sliding right off the seat.

Having arrived at the terminal station of the railway, we found that, to reach the very highest point of the peak, we should again have to rent chairs. We haggled, as one has always to do, over the price; but it was all settled after a time, and we set off up the broad concrete walk.

On our way up, we passed the barracks of an English regiment. Many of the soldiers were off duty and were playing tennis in the cool mountain air. We passed many fine residences built away up on the mountain-top. On and up, we kept going, our chairs making splendid time over the walk that wound around the hill to its very summit. When nearly at the top, the men set the chairs down and told us it was not customary for them to go any

farther. We got out and walked the rest of the way.

Near at hand, there was not so much of interest, only an English signal-station, several immense guns in sight, and doubtless many of great power concealed from view; for Hongkong is an Oriental Gibraltar; but the view over the city, a bird's-eye view—everything appeared in miniature—was a sight never to be forgotten. The immense stone buildings of the business section, some of them eight or ten stories high; the great reservoirs of the water-works system; and away off the ships lying at anchor in the harbor, all impressed themselves indelibly on my mind, and, looking back, I always seem to see Hongkong as a whole. I venture to say there are few cities in the world that will leave such a lasting impression on one's mind as does Hongkong.

Going down the peak to the railway station was about as hard on our poor men as had been the going up. They had to hold back now fully as much as they had had to push up before. But we got back to our hotel in time for our scanty dinner.

During the early part of the afternoon, we were down-town, looking in at the store windows, when it began to sprinkle. Thus was our attention called to one of the peculiar features of all the large business blocks and hotels of Hongkong. All the stories of each building above the first floor are built out over the sidewalk about five feet, or I might better say that the first floor is recessed to the extent of

about five feet, for the buildings at no place present the appearance of hanging out over the street. Anyway, this sort of construction protects the pedestrian from the weather, except at the crossings, at which, of course, he has to run for it, in order to gain the shelter of the next line of blocks. In each building, the second story is supported by substantial pillars of masonry meeting the outer edge of the wall. In many instances, these pillars are joined together in arcade fashion, in imitation of Moorish arches.

I visited many stores where Canton linens, plain and embroidered; Maltese laces, in a large variety of patterns; Foochow laces in silk, and stacks of rather coarse drawn-work were on display. I visited jewelry stores where fortunes in jade jewelry, and in carved ivory, tempted one to part with one's very last dollar; I visited stores where they had nothing but sea-grass furniture for sale; I visited stores where were on sale Chinese shoes of various kinds, including the tiny lily shoes for the deformed feet of the Chinese lady; I visited camphor-wood trunk stores, stores that one could smell yards and yards off.

At intervals along the main street, we would come across a money-changer, and, as we required change, we would part with a bright American five-dollar gold piece for the mixed currency of Hongkong. We were cheated, too, as are most people who deal with Chinese money-changers.

Such a day of sightseeing! I was glad when at

last bedtime came around, and thankful that we had arranged for our stateroom on board the "Rosetta Maru", nicknamed by those well acquainted with her antics the "Rolling Rosie." We were to sail at eleven in the morning for Manila.

The "Rosetta" lay out in the harbor with steam up, ready for departure. We boarded the hotel launch and steamed out toward her. She was not nearly so large as the old "Doric." She was long and narrow, and looked as though she was capable of doing a good bit of tumbling around in a choppy sea. The hurrying around and the bother of getting things aboard and down into the staterooms was the same old tiresome affair. At last, we got under way and steamed out past the English warships and past the many junks, out into the open.

In the "Rosetta" with us, returning to their homes in or near Manila, were several American women, who had been to Hongkong on a shopping jaunt. They were all of them, I believe, wives of officers in the United States army. They were going back to the Islands, laden with dragon-embroidered tablecloths, with heavy pongee silks, and with silver and ivory ornaments, and goodness knows what else, only I thought how nice it must be to be an officer's wife with the privilege of shopping in Hongkong. I presume I should have become better acquainted with these women had not a typhoon of no mean proportions broken over us late that afternoon.

Within a very short time after the storm broke, we were being rolled and pitched and torn around in great shape. It was a horrible, horrible night. Mr. M. seemed near death's door. Although I did what I could for him, got him lemons and tea, and all known remedies, nothing seemed to help him, or even to lessen for a moment the excruciating agony. For myself, I preferred to sit up all night, rather than to go down to that stuffy hole of a stateroom. But I did not get much rest; for I had to sit in a chair tied to one of the railings in the hall.

By the dawning, the ship was riding a trifle easier. They had hoisted a sail so as to steady us a little; but we rolled frightfully still, and the moanings of the seasick continued as before. When meal-time came, not more than three or four could get up enough nerve to come to the table. We were a pretty lonesome set, and I sometimes wished for the doctor of the other ship and his gift of gab. Such longings for land never have I heard expressed. Many solemnly swore that, if they ever again set foot on dry land, never would they leave it. The "Rosie" did certainly seem to be doing her level best toward making everybody as miserable as possible. She had a peculiar roll all her own.

Although none of us knew it at the time, the "Rosie" was making her last trip to Manila. Some weeks afterward, she was taken by the Japanese government and sunk in the harbor of Port Arthur in an

attempt to pen up the Russian men-of-war. How they ever got her to lie quietly on the bottom of the ocean must ever remain a matter of mystery to any one who, even for once, has had the doubtful pleasure of taking a trip in her unsteady hull.

In due time, we sighted the large Island Luzon, and, at last, although a little behind schedule time, we steamed safe and sound enough, in spite of the heavy storm through which we had passed, into Manila Bay, and across its waveless surface on up close to the land. We anchored out as usual for inspection, which, at Manila, is very strict.

As soon as we could get away, leaving our baggage to go to the custom-house, we boarded the ship's tender and set out for the shore. We had arrived at our destination, Manila; yet we were not through traveling, as we, in a couple of days found out; for other journeys, on boats of quite a different type from the ocean liner, lay before us.

CHAPTER VI.

A FEW DAYS IN MANILA.

A PERSON unused to getting along in a foreign country could have only a faint conception of what some of us Americans went through during our first few days in Manila. Had it not been for the help and suggestions of two American teachers, who had already been some time in the Islands and with whom we struck up a rather short-notice acquaintance, many of us might have remained for hours on the wharves, trying to persuade some driver into hauling us up-town in his little two-wheeled, springless cart at a price somewhere within reason; for, realizing we were new to the country, all the drivers seemed bent on making us pay high.

As it was, we walked, although the distance to the hotel where we intended staying, was not by any means a step. We passed Chinese and Filipinos by the wholesale, as we sallied up a long, narrow street, with row after row of Chinese stores on either side. Then turning a corner, we came out on the Escolta. We should have known it from views of it, which we had seen, even though there had been nobody to tell

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us its name. A rickety street-car, pulled by an undersized, bony horse, was going down the street. Some of our party, under the impression that a street-car is a street-car whether good, bad, or indifferent, proposed getting in and riding; but I would not have it said that I had added even a pound to that poor horse's burden. For some reason or other, nobody did take the car, after all. We kept on toward the hotel.

I found that Manila had some buildings similar to many of those in Hongkong. They came out over the sidewalk, only they did not project far enough to do any good. Most of the roofs came about over the middle of the sidewalk. This insufficiency of second story—or of roof—caused us great inconvenience before we reached our hotel. It began to rain a nice little tropical shower. Had we been on the sidewalks of Hongkong, we should have been protected all the way. Unfortunately, we were in Manila. The overhanging roofs poured a perfect deluge right down on the center of the walks. In order to avoid being completely soaked, we had to run the last two blocks to the hotel entrance.

Such hotels as Manila had in those early days! The one at which we put up had no office and no parlor, and not much of anything else. We stepped from the street, through a kind of driveway, into an open court of good size, paved with stone. Around this court, in the form of a square, was built the

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house. An Englishman—the hotel was called the English House—asked us over to a little cubby-hole on one side of the court, where he discussed terms with us, and where, after having shown us the rooms, he asked us to register.

The dining-room was just back of the court and separated from it by a lattice, banked on either side with potted plants and palms, a feature that made the dining-room very inviting.

By the time we had straightened up in our rooms, it was the supper-hour, so we went down right away. In those days, it was generally a problem to figure out just what was being placed before me. Though the soup looked a mystery, it nevertheless tasted all right; and, though the meat was a little hard to masticate and of uncertain kind, we managed to make it satisfy our hunger. Fruit in Manila was not very plentiful so early in the year. They did pass some rather poor bananas; but, as I recall, we depended mostly for dessert on some jelly passed around in the shallow tin in which it was bought. Guava jelly, I afterward found out it was called; but it was not very much to our taste.

After each course, our waiter—*muchachos*, they call them—had a way of picking up a plate from a pile on a serving-table, of giving it a finishing touch with the towel, none too clean, hanging at his belt, and of effecting a rapid change at our places, substituting for our soiled plates freshly wiped ones. As a

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finishing touch, the *muchacho* would then pick up our knives and forks, polish them vigorously for a moment behind our backs, with the self-same cloth, and with a flourish would replace them, knife on one side of the clean plate, fork on the other. Of course, these sanitary arrangements were very pleasing to us. They made us feel all shipshape, and with appetites on edge for the next course. This way of doing things, I learned later, by many sad experiences, was a strong index to one side of native character; namely, that, provided anything looks all right, it must necessarily be all right. Some months later, when I happened to notice the cook at a friend's house pull over his soiled working trousers a pair of spotless white ones, and over his smoky undershirt a nicely laundered white coat in order fittingly to attire himself for church, my memory drifted back to those plates, knives and forks apparently so clean and yet so far from it.

Much of our time, the following morning, was taken up in getting our baggage out of the custom-house. Everything had to be opened and inspected. As there were many of us and only two inspectors, some of us had to be kept waiting. My turn came in time, and I was able to give my baggage to the hotel baggageman, who was to take charge of it.

That afternoon, most of us teachers called at the offices of the Civil Service Board to report, and afterward at the office of the General Superintendent of

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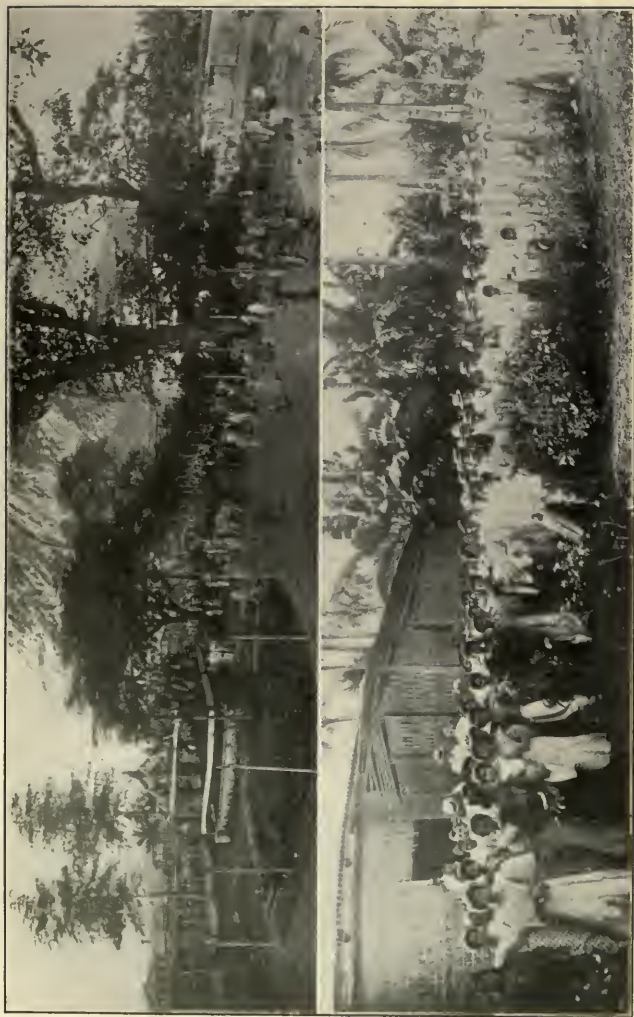
Education. Some of us were immediately assigned to our stations. I did not much care where they sent me, for I knew one place would not be likely to be much stranger or more difficult to get along in than any other. With two other teachers, whom I knew but slightly, although we were all of the "Doric" crowd, I was assigned to the Province of Capiz, some hundreds of miles south of Manila.

As our boat would not be leaving for a couple of days, we still had some time before us with nothing to do except wait. That evening, we who had been classed together for Capiz took a walk down to the Luneta, the favorite drive of the wealthy, the favorite walk of the poor people. The Luneta is a long, narrow park, with very wide streets on each side for driving, and with many seats and benches grouped around a band-stand from which, on certain evenings, concerts are given. On the evening of our visit, there was no music. Everything seemed so strange, so apart from us, and so lonesome, that we all began to feel a dull home-sickness coming over us. Not that we said anything about it to one another, but our thoughts mirrored themselves on our faces. We returned to the hotel and retired to our rooms.

Mosquito-nets, in those days before Manila knew much about caring for travelers, were mere mockeries. It generally kept one busy guessing whether a net was for the protection of the roomer during the night or for inducing the roomer into sound slum-

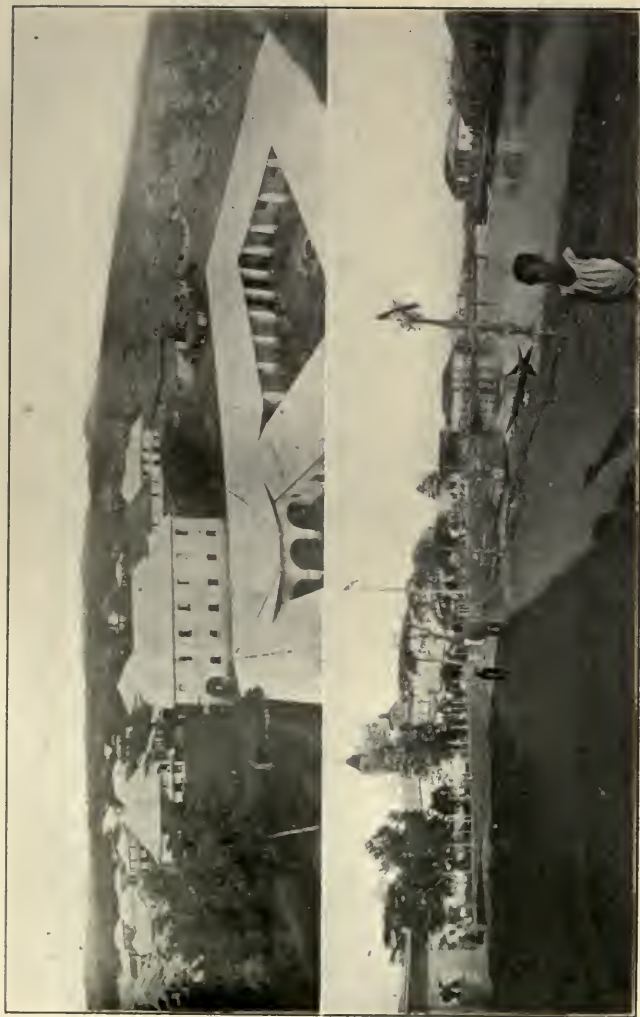
ber so that the mosquito might the more easily make a square meal off his blood. No matter how carefully one might clear the net of mosquitoes before retiring, morning would always find a dozen or so fat ones, gorged with blood, perched up in the corners of the net, where they could hold on easily. On awakening, to kill the gluttonous blood robbers would be first in order, to find the hole through which they had come would be the second, then to call the room boy and order the hole sewed would be the closing act. The next morning, the entire program would have to be gone over once more. The nets could always be depended on to develop a hole some place or other during the night.

On a subsequent visit to Manila, I complained to the proprietor that the mosquitoes had bothered me so the night before that I could not possibly stand it any longer. He was a Spaniard, and he "Si Senored" at a great rate, and promised to provide a new net for that very night. He did; but I passed a night quite as restless as the night before had been. Together, we sought the cause. As the net was brand-new, the proprietor insisted that I had been careless about tucking the net in around the mattress. I knew I had been most careful. Picking up the net to see if, by any chance, a seam had been ripped, we discovered that the mesh was of such a size as to allow a mosquito to pass through at any place without even brushing the dust from his wings. It was some



CAPIZ CLEANED UP AND READY TO RECEIVE AMERICAN OFFICIALS FROM MANILA.
A GROUP OF STUDENTS OUTSIDE THE OLD BAMBOO INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CAPIZ.





BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CAPIZ TAKEN FROM CHURCH TOWER.
THE RIVER AT CAPIZ.



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time before that old Spaniard recovered from the shock of the discovery; for he had invested in two dozen of the nets.

Early the next morning, the three of us were tightly packed on the hard board seat of one of those springless two-wheeled jerk-forevers drawn by a bony horse, which, with here and there a respectable looking turnout, crowd all the streets of Manila, making the name, "The City of Carriages," sometimes applied to the place, in a sense not inappropriate. We were on the lookout for the "Buena Suerte"—"The Good Luck"—and, having been told very indefinitely that we should find her some place below the Bridge of Spain, we ordered our driver to take us to the "Fuente de Espania."

We drove along the water-front until we came to a wide canal, emptying into the Pasig, without having run across the "Good Luck" any place. Some way or other, our driver made us understand that farther up the canal lay a bridge on which carriages might cross over. It really did seem, if we were to journey much farther, as though we should all get out and carry the pony for a while. It looked so little and underfed and we were so strong and hearty. Our white-coated driver apparently had perfect confidence in his steed's strength; so off we bumped up the miserable cobblestone pavement, the driver at intervals giving voice to whole yards of Spanish, and every now and then applying the lash. Needless to

say, we arrived at the bridge, crossed to the other side, and went sloping down the street to the waterfront again. We found the "Suerte," as, for economy's sake, we soon came to call her, at her moorings in the Pasig, but not, as we had been informed, near the bridge. She lay some distance down the river, almost opposite the gloomy walls and loopholed turrets of Fort Santiago.

I wonder if the memory of those first attempts to make use of the Spanish language will ever grow dim; and I wonder still more, as I look back, that we were able to get along as well as we did. We did manage nicely; as, with a translation dictionary and two or three very much overworked verbs at our command, we questioned any one whom we happened to meet about anything that aroused our interest. That wobbly sentence, "*Que hora vamos bote,*" by which we were enabled to learn at what time the "Suerte" would pull out, still rings in my ears.

We were to leave at eleven the next day. The time dragged along some way, and night drew near. It rained torrents. We were cooped up in the hotel all evening, with nothing particular to do but to try to imagine what our next stopping-place would be like. Of course, as we had never seen any views of the part of the country to which we were bound, we were not very successful at trying to picture what might lie before us.

We were all up bright and early, so as to be sure



THE RIVER AT CAPIZ. A PRAO ANCHORED NEAR THE BRIDGE.
THE CHURCH AND THE OLD BRIDGE AT CAPIZ.

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to have everything ready and on the "Suerte" by the time for sailing; and the hour for departure set by the captain on the day before, found us, bag and baggage, on the deck of the "Suerte." Eleven o'clock passed, twelve struck, one, two; still, we did not leave. Our American impatience, already somewhat tempered by the tropical manana atmosphere around us, led us finally again to draw on our wretched Spanish. We learned that the boat would have to await a certain Chinese, a part owner of the craft, who would not be able to get away from his business—or opium smoke, hard telling which—until ten that evening.

We kept down our impatience as best we could, returned to the hotel for supper, and were back on the "Suerte" promptly at ten. Still, we did not make any move toward getting under way, although the Chinese for whom we had been waiting, was already on board. When it grew near midnight and still we lay securely roped to the wharf, we crawled into the little combination dining-saloon and lounging-room, and lay our weary selves down for a little rest on the benches upholstered in black oilcloth.

It must have been daylight when, at last, the procrastinating "Suerte" steamed importantly out from among the smaller craft, crowding the river, and from among other steamers of her own ilk lined up against the wharves.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TRIP DOWN TO CAPIZ AND OUR ARRIVAL.

AFTER having passed from the muddy waters of the Pasig out into the clear blue of Manila Bay, we steamed along at the rate of twelve or thirteen knots an hour. My first night on the bench of oilcloth-covered wood left me feeling stiff and sore, and looking much like a tramp. As rough to make an already trying situation worse, there did not seem to be any means at hand for washing the hands and face, or for in any way improving one's appearance after the awful night. A walk around the deck failed to disclose any of the conveniences that Americans have come to regard as absolute necessities. There was not a sign of a bathroom nor even of a lavatory any place on the main deck; and, below, every square inch of space was taken up with sacks of rice at one end, and a great lot of coal-oil in five-gallon cans at the other.

As I came around a corner of the superstructure, a muchacho was just going into the cabin. I called to him, "Agua, agua!" and motioned that my face and hands needed a little attention. Then, I opened

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my suitcase to look for my toilet accessories. The improvised lavatory out on the side of the deck, where the wind was not so noticeable, really answered all practical purposes nicely: there was a porcelain-ware wash-dish on a chair and a porcelain-ware pitcher full of rain water on the floor near. Never before had I been brought so face to face with the difference between real utility and unnecessary embellishment; and I don't know as I ever enjoyed making myself presentable more than I did that first time on the deck of the "Suerte," out in the cool of that perfect morning, with the bright sun flashing on the rippling waters of the ocean. By the time my two companions awakened from indifferent dreaming to grim reality—and the porcelain wash-basin—I was already spick and span and ready for breakfast.

But breakfast was not forthcoming, nor were any signs that we might soon expect something to eat, in evidence. We sat around on the oilcloth seats expectantly; but nobody made even a starter toward appeasing our appetites.

Some time passed. At length, a *muchacho*, top heavy with his great pompadour of coal-black hair, stuck his head around the open door and inquired in a perfunctory tone:

"Wan' cofe?"

It did not take us long to inform his pompadourship that we did "wan' cofe," and pretty quick, too. It came, after an evident reheating, served in thick

stoneware cups, black as one could imagine, strong as lye. There was no sugar, but they did have a can of old-style condensed milk, thick and sweet. Each of us took a spoonful in order to weaken the coffee. Not another thing was placed before us.

We had considered it quite a "come-down" to have to put up with the inferior accommodations on board the "Rosetta Maru" after our month on the luxurious "Doric." Had we only dreamed of the "Suerte," we perhaps would all have resigned and have set off for the homeland the first liner out. The "Suerte," in those old days, was a pretty good excuse for occasional profanity. Her decks were in a scandalous condition, her kitchen was scarcely deserving of the name, her cuisine was a miserable conglomeration of poorly cooked food. Fighting cocks occupied several of the most desirable stretches of deck, and made the early morning hideous with their challenges to one another. As for sleeping accommodations, there were none, other than the oilcloth benches in the dining-room.

To be sure, as time went on and more Americans began to travel out from Manila to the provincial capitals, more of an effort was made to care for travelers. At the present time, one may go quite comfortably and sanitarily to any place in the archipelago.

By ten o'clock, we could both see and smell that preparations for dinner were under way. By eleven-

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thirty, the meal was on the board, and a *muchacho* with a bell heralded the welcome news from the doorway of the cabin.

There was no cloth, and needless to add, there were no napkins; but I will say that the black oil-cloth of the table, on which, the night before, some Filipino traveler had made his bed, was neatly and cleanly wiped off before the dishes and other table requisites were placed on it. The captain, who had a little Spanish blood in his veins, as evidenced by his more highly arched nose, four intelligent-looking Filipino men, probably merchants, and we three Americans seated ourselves, each one of us before a pile of plates four high, from which, as the meal progressed, the used plates were removed. The knives and forks had to go through the same sort of sleight of hand performance, in the towel of the *muchacho* behind our backs, as at the hotel in Manila.

We were, of course, almost starved, for sea air always makes one ravenous; besides, the coffee of the morning repast had not been very filling. They served vermicelli soup, mostly vermicelli, for there was scarcely any stock; a fish course, very good indeed; a vaca—beef—course, rather tough; then, the ever-handly tin of guava jelly, with a teaspoon stuck suggestively in the center, went around. The jelly can began on the Filipino end of the line. The first one took a spoonful of the jelly, licked it off, stuck the spoon back, and passed the tin on up the line,

each in turn licking off a spoonful. We did not eat any guava jelly that meal. After the jelly, glasses of water were passed. Each native, after drinking about half the water, filled his mouth with the rest, and, drawing it in and out between his teeth, proceeded to make use of the fluid as a sort of hydraulic tooth-brush, right at the table. We were all pretty well put out. Our American delicacy had received a severe jolting. Yet some years afterward, while I was voyaging to the homeland on one of those splendidly fitted-up Japanese liners, a little incident brought to my notice one evening at dinner caused me to look backward and to make comparisons. There was an American woman on the boat on her way from the Orient to her home in Honolulu. Décolleté were all her dinner gowns, and her diamonds flashed with the best on the boat. She was certainly wealthy, and there should have been nothing about her conduct to occasion comment. Nevertheless, she had a droll little way about her of cleaning her teeth with her napkin after eating, and of removing any more-than-usually troublesome piece of meat or other viand by running the edge of the linen in and out between her teeth.

We arrived during the night at Batangas Bay on Luzon. Early the next morning, about sunrise, a number of boats, bound together two by two, to serve as lighters, with a platform of woven bamboo laid across, came alongside. These double boats, with

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their bamboo platforms—*balsas* in Spanish—were for the most part empty, a few large baskets of Batangas oranges being all they brought out. They had come out to get the oil and rice consigned to the merchants of Batangas, the town some distance away. We could have visited the shore had we cared to; for the captain did not appear to be in the least bit of a rush. It was four o'clock and past before he rang for the engines to start.

At this time, United States soldiers were stationed at Batangas. In the afternoon, they had a running drill, and hundreds of the strong, clean-limbed soldier boys swam around in the water, some of them almost out to the "Suerte." There were a couple of American rowboats, filled with American women, officers' wives we took them to be. A troop of cavalry came down. The riders took their mounts out into the water, swam around with them awhile, then guided them to the shallow waters up the beach, where they stopped to wash them.

Toward evening, the captain blew the ship's whistle and gave orders to "up anchor." We were glad to be on the way again, and glad that our next stopping-place would find us in Capiz. During the night, it got rough. All the Filipino passengers and my two American companions kept up a trot to the rail; but, as always with me, I was unaffected.

I went aft to enjoy the swinging motion of the vessel as she pitched. The night was dark and stormy

and so chilly—and we in the tropics—that I drew my coat close around me. Looking down, I saw the sea leap flame as our boat pushed along through the phosphorescent waters. It was a beautiful sight, like billions of fire-flies grouped together at our prow.

Night passed away and day dawned much calmer and very bright and sunny. We did not know just how we were going to exist through the day, so anxious were we to get out of our cramped quarters. We were due at Libas, the port of Capiz, some time during the afternoon. For once, things happened on time. Five o'clock came and we were outside the harbor, waiting for the tide to come up high enough for us to enter the shallow channel into the bay. Six o'clock found us drawn up alongside the wharf; but no gangplank was thrown out and not one passenger was allowed to disembark. We were in formal quarantine, yellow flag and all. One might have imagined himself on a great Atlantic steamship entering New York Bay. We whistled loud and long, then waited; but no doctor came down the mile and a half of road lying between Libas and Capiz. We whistled again; still no doctor. It was fully three hours before the port doctor, Dr. Q., a bright, dapper-looking individual of Chinese and Filipino ancestry, with just a touch of Spanish blood some place or other under the bark of his genealogical tree, finally came on board to inspect us. We had waited so long that we all began to feel the need of an inspection.

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Meanwhile, not an American had put in an appearance. We were most decidedly strangers in a strange land. By the time we were able to get off the boat, it was after nine. It had been raining during the early evening; but it had cleared up, and the moon was lighting the landscape brilliantly. We left our trunks on board the "Suerte;" we knew her so well that we were not afraid of her leaving for another port very soon, and, shouldering or carrying our heavy suitcases alternately in order to rest ourselves, we trudged that weary length of road to Capiz.

There was not a hotel or a boarding-house in the place. It is difficult to picture just how we felt. Americans are so used to ordering what they want and paying for it that asking a favor comes very hard to most of them. Besides, it must have been nearly eleven o'clock. Everything was closed. We could not sit out all night, so we turned to the superintendent as the proper one to assist us in our dilemma. The very idea of three Americans being stranded on the streets of a Filipino town, late at night, without a friend, white or brown, without any knowledge of the country, or of the customs or the language of the people!

As we went past a large house on the river-bank, one of the Filipino passengers of the "Suerte," who, by some lucky chance, happened to be walking near us, said in Spanish: "*La casa del Superintendente.*"

We looked up, and, seeing that a light was still

burning in one of the rooms, we ascended the stairs, knocked, and were admitted. Introductions over, Mr. C. told us he had received a telegram that we were on the way and had heard the boat whistle, but had supposed we would turn up all right. So we did, it is true; but the longer we knew Mr. C. and the better we knew him, the more we realized what an inexhaustible confidence he had in the ability of things, conditions, and people to turn up *all right*. Even now, whenever Mr. C.'s care-free face comes to me as in a dream, the memory of another superintendent, whose custom it was always to send an American to welcome new teachers to his province, comes to me—I have to read the Biblical injunction, “Judge not,” over and over again.

We had great difficulty in getting fixed for the night. Mr. C. could take only one of us with him and that left two of us unprovided for. Before we were through sending notes hither and thither, for Mr. C. did not make a move toward getting us housed for the night other than by means of these little inquiries on paper, we had awakened two or three native families who, at times, took in travelers at one peso—fifty cents—a day, and a twain of American teachers, who kept bachelor hall some place down the street. The native families were averse to taking in any strange—and for all they knew, stray—Americans at that time of night. We had to go to the home of the two American bachelors, although, in

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answer to Mr. C.'s note, they had written that they did not want us if we could possibly find other accommodations. Mr. C., with characteristic kindness of heart, passed the note to us that we might read our dubious welcome. Naturally, we did not want to thrust ourselves on anybody, yet there was nothing else to do. We could not very well stay out all night, so we humbled our pride as best we could, and followed in the wake of Mr. C.'s muchacho a quarter of a mile or more to the home of the men.

We found them both very affable and very hospitable indeed. In the course of our three days' stay with them, their note to Mr. C. came up for discussion. They were very much put out to think that Mr. C. had let us read it. They had, they explained, been keeping open house for all Americans who cared to come to stay with them for two or three days. At times, there would be as many as four or five visitors to sit down at the table, and all gratis. No further explanations were necessary; we understood perfectly. Our new-found friends, out of regard for their pocketbooks, had done quite right in declining to open their house to us if we could possibly find some one else to take us in; we were quite in the right, too, in our feeling of animosity toward the writer of the note; we were collectively quite in the right in blaming Mr. C. for showing us the note. He might have smoothed the matter over verbally.

We breakfasted, after our night of torture, for the first time since leaving the "Doric," on a truly American breakfast. Bananas, bacon and eggs, hot cakes and coffee were set before us in great plenty. We all ate heartily.

Later, we visited the office of the superintendent. It was situated on the first floor of what had been during Spanish times the residence of the Spanish governor. As we came along the street, we could easily see, through the iron gratings at the windows of the office, the rather corpulent form of our worthy superintendent seated at his desk. Mr. C. asked for our letters of recommendation. Poor me, I did not have any; but one of those who came with me had enough for the whole crowd. There were yards and yards of them, and Mr. C. waded through the whole lot, down to the very last eulogistic phrase. Then, he turned my way and cast on me a withering glance. I realized under what a shadow I was entering the service; and I realized just how carefully that keen eye was weighing me in the balance of comparison.

We were assigned before the morning was over. My companion of voluminous recommendation fell to a soft berth in Capiz, the provincial capital; the other one was sent off to a mountain town, Mambusao by name; as for me, I was sent off to Calivo, a large town forty miles up the coast.

Dinner-time came around; then, the afternoon slipped by. Time was passing very slowly; for it



NATIVE TEACHERS OF CAPIZ.

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rained a great deal, and there was nothing to do around the house except to sit by the window and look at the mud. I was anxious to get to my permanent station. I was to go, in a way, as an assistant to Mr. B., the teacher of Calivo. B. happened to be in Capiz on business, so I became acquainted with him. We were going to leave Capiz together on the "Suerte," which would take us over to Legatic, the port of Calivo. But the "Suerte" was not to sail until the next afternoon, and, judging from past experiences along the same line, maybe not then. I expressed my extreme dislike to embarking on the "Suerte," but was laughed at considerably. Mr. B. was inclined to josh a little.

He began: "If you want a real nice day's trip, you want to go down to Iloilo on the "General Blanco." She's a clipper. She's about as big as the "Suerte's" chicken-coop of a cabin; and she's got a little wheezy sewing-machine stuck some place in her innards to make her go."

As the months went on and I knew more of the "Blanco's" many narrow escapes and of her cramped deck-room, and as I learned more in general about traveling from place to place out in the provinces, I leaned more and more to Mr. B.'s opinion. There certainly were worse means of getting about than on the deck of the "Suerte."

At last, the time for us to leave came around. It had been pretty rainy all the time of my stay in

Capiz; so much so that I had been unable to see anything of the town. It was pouring torrents on the afternoon that I started to walk the mile and a half or so to Libas. Mr. S. insisted on my borrowing his umbrella and his mackintosh, and he sent out to get a "tao"—a native word used, as a rule, to mean a working man—to carry my suitcase. I reached the boat at the hour for sailing. Mr. B. was not in sight. I think it must have been three hours before he did come, and, even then, he was in plenty of time. In fact, as B. expressed it, "we had time to burn." We were not to leave until the flood of the early morning tide. Mr. B. went back to town again to have just a few more games of—was it whist? I can't recall exactly; anyway, I was left alone to console myself with the thought that there was a great deal more dignity in having to wait for a tide, and particularly a flood-tide, than there was in having to await the arrival of a fat, greasy Chinese, as we had had to do in Manila. I could have, and perhaps should have, returned to Capiz with B.; but the road was far too muddy for me to want to wade around in it again.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM LIBAS TO LEGATIC AND CALIVO.

I WAS awake when B. and two or three Filipino passengers for Legatic came on board about—it must have been about four A. M. At the first streak of dawn, there being enough water to pass over the bar at the mouth of the bay, we raised our anchor and steered out into the open sea, the Visayan Sea, I saw that it was by looking at a map of the archipelago.

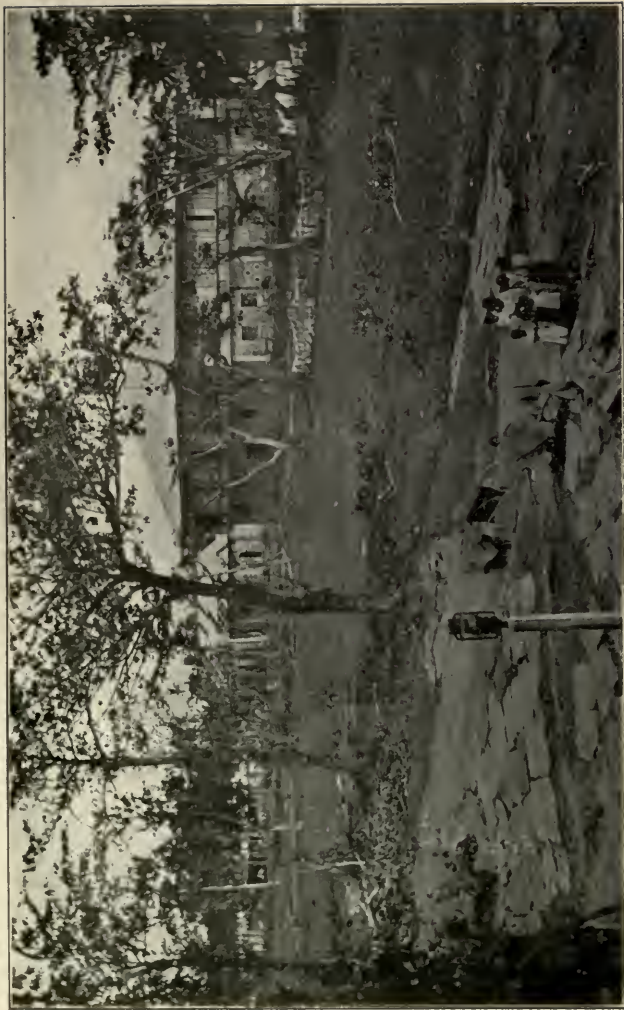
We kept on very close to the coast. As day dawned, I was able to make out good-sized hills overgrown with grass, green from the recent rains, and, in the background, some mountains partly concealed by the mists of the cool morning. The scenery was rich in shades of green; for, as the sun rose higher, certain parts of the landscape came out brighter than others; but there was a monotony about it all that caused one soon to weary of it: great glaring stretches of white sand, tall and slender cocoanut palms, with bunches of feathery leaves, like an Indian's war-bonnet, stuck on top of each, and a whole bushel of nuts depending; in the distance, green hills backed

by toothpick-topped mountains. From the deck of the "Suerte," it was all the same.

About two hours out from Capiz, we turned into a very long and rather narrow bay, which looked for all the world like a river. There was a little collection of bamboo and nipa huts and several larger bamboo buildings across from the mouth of the bay. B. said it was a little town, Batan by name. We steamed by the place and on up the riverlike bay.

An hour later, we had reached Legatic. New Washington, the place had been renamed by the American officials in Manila, presumably after much careful thought and due deliberation. At any rate, the town was decidedly *new*, having just the year before been blown to threads and tatters by a terrible typhoon; and, if there was anything at all about the place that might through the medium of an elastic imagination remind one of the American capital, it would be, perhaps, the Potomac-like stillness of the bay up which we had just come. But New Washington she was officially that day we landed there, and New Washington she is still, regardless, though it is rare indeed to hear an American speak of the town by any other name except the native cognomen, Legatic.

There was a pebbled street from the wharf up through the town, across the narrow peninsula on which it is built, to the ocean beach. Another very



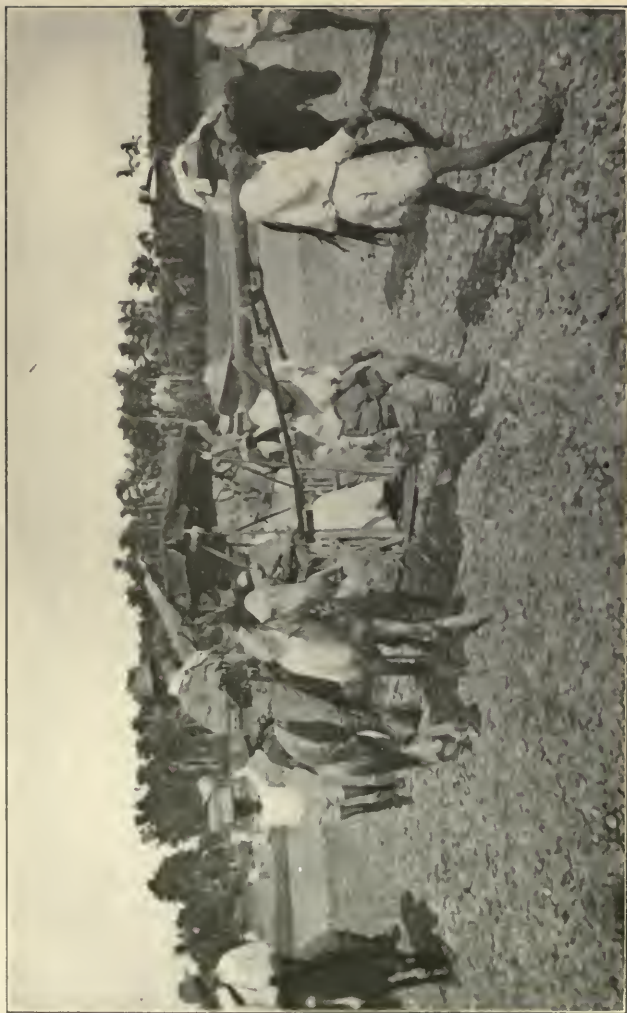
THE PLAZA AT CALIVO.





AMERICANS AT NEW WASHINGTON.





AN AMERICAN LADY TRAVELING IN THE PHILIPPINES.



AN AMERICAN LADY TRAVELING THROUGH TALL GRASS.



sandy road, shaded by cocoanut-palms, led from this first street off to Calivo.

We had to store our trunks for a while at Legatic. Having attended to their being put away in one of the larger shacks, we set out on our eight-mile hike to Calivo. We could not follow the regular road; for it was just a sink-hole of mud all the way; besides, all its bridges were out. We had to go down by the ocean and walk along the beach instead. The tide was out. At first, walking along the firmly packed sand was not so very bad; but I was unused to walking and so became almost exhausted before the hike—Mr. B. never walked, he always hiked—came to an end.

It rained on the way. We took shelter in a fisherman's hut near the beach. We waited there so long that, when we started again, the tide had begun to encroach on the hard, packed sand, forcing us to walk farther up the beach in the heavy, loose sand. This, of course, made the walking very much more tiring. We had to wade several little tide rivers, too; and we were both soaked way above the waist with salt water. Toward night, we reached Buswang, a little fishing village near Calivo. Then, we turned inland for a half-hour's walk on a road deep with mud.

B. was living with a Captain L. in a small frame house; but I can not recall whether I saw him that night of my arrival in Calivo or not. Footsore and weary, I went to bed as soon as the *muchacho* could

get a place ready for me. The next day was a holiday, though B. was not aware of it until we had almost reached the schoolhouse, thinking to open class. The Filipino teacher met us and told us it was Saint somebody or other day, some one, at least, of enough account to make it necessary to close the school. I was glad of the chance to rest a little, and to look around at my new town.

Captain L. was not very sociable, and B. seemed always engaged; so I was left to study the native life as set forth in the house opposite us. There was a weaving establishment underneath, that is between the ground and the floor of the living-rooms above. Almost all Filipino families live in the second story, as it is considered unhealthy to sleep near the ground. There were four looms, crude affairs, not unlike a rag-carpet loom. The women doing the work were weaving a gauzy fabric from fiber taken from the leaves of the pineapple plant.

I had gone through such a series of rapid changes, and, during a comparatively short period of time, had seen so many unusual sights, that I believe my senses were partly dulled or partly paralyzed. The women sat weaving, throwing the shuttle back and forth through the warp; and, though their skirts were pulled up to their knees, exposing their brown nether limbs, finished off with brown-toed feet, it never once occurred to me that there was anything out of the way, or that modesty was being outraged. Although

the weavers stopped occasionally to rest and to take a fresh bunch of betel-nut and lime, yanking up, at the same time, the single skirt just a little higher, it never once entered my head to think that these brown women were overstepping any rule of deportment. They were doing all right, of course; for they were brown children of the tropics. They were not overstepping any rules, and they would not have known modesty had they come face to face with her beneath a glaring noonday sun; so they could not very well do anything out of way. Only the wonder is that I took it all so as a matter of course. The man of the house sat smoking cigarettes in the open window above, and, on catching my eye, he wished me a "*muy buenos dias.*"

There were a number of children running up and down in the street, playing a game. They were very small and they had on little pineapple-cloth shirts; but there was not a stitch of underclothing on any of them. The gauzy shirt was all that protected each little child of nature from the sunshine and the rain.

~ Later in the day, B. and I went out to call on the *Padre* of the town and to make a few purchases in the *Chino* stores. B. always used Spanish names for things even when speaking to Americans. I knew, of course, that *Chino* meant Chinese, and so was not at a loss to understand. Still they did sound so quaint, those awful mixtures that B. used to reel off.

Before long, I learned that this manner of talking was just as much a part of B. himself as was the gloriously expressive slang with which he occasionally garnished his sentences.

He would say: "Hay, Bill"—Bill was the cook and all-round *muchacho*—"hay, Bill, you bring here my *zapatos*—shoes." And Bill would come in meekly with a crushed look on his face, lugging the afore-said *zapatos*. Bill had gathered the meaning from the English word, *here*, and the Spanish word, *zapatos*.

B., too, was a splendid hand at keeping the food moving around the table at meal-times. A Mr. K. came to stay all night with us while I was living there, and B. was lavish with the menu. K. was not allowed to starve.

"Here, K.," B. would say, "have some more of this fine *carne*. Don't you want a little *liche* in your coffee? Bill, more *mantequilla* and a little more *pan* for Mr. K."

Poor Bill would circle around the table, as though he had six hands and as many feet. I never saw a more lively *muchacho*. In spite of the fact that B. kept Bill jumping several directions all at once, Bill served the table well. We always had plenty to eat, such as it was, rice and chicken.

But we were on our way to the *Chino* stores and to call on the venerable *Padre*. Calivo, at that time, was a wealthy town. There were a great many large board houses erected, as is the custom of the coun-

try, on a framework of ten or twelve posts, set firmly a yard or more into the ground. All the families of the town were living in what we Americans would call the upstairs. Guided partly by ideas of hygiene and partly by ideas of civic beauty, they considered it the correct thing in house-building to have the living-room floors of the house six or seven feet above the street level; so all the living-rooms rest on the cross pieces of timber connecting the great posts and on the joists between. Truly, this up-in-the-air living is just the right way to live. Had the houses been close to the ground, the effect would have been very squatty. Moreover, the space between the ground and the floors of the living apartments is always utilized for some purpose, either for a weaving room, as before described, or for a storeroom. Generally, this space underneath the house is enclosed with woven bamboo, so as to form a sort of room, though one can easily see through the woven bamboo sides at any part.

In the homes of the well-to-do, this space is walled around with stone, and there are numerous windows to let in the light, all protected like a jail with heavy iron rods. The roofs of these Calivo houses were, for the most part, of nipa, a palm-leaf used for thatch; but some of the better class houses were roofed with galvanized iron, sometimes corrugated.

As we came into the business street, houses walled underneath with stone were the rule; and each house

had its store. We visited several of these stores. They were all very much alike. Each carried a heterogeneous stock of calico dress-goods in all colors, though bright reds predominated, of cheap blankets, of inferior cooking utensils, of candles for mass, white shoes, chalky face-powders, and perfumes of inferior grade. There was one store that kept a few cans of tomatoes, a few cans of Holland imitation butter, and a few pails of lard besides its regular stock of dry-goods and nicknacks. B. told me there was not another stock of canned goods nearer than Capiz except a few cans of Spanish peppers in a store farther up the street.

I was really surprised to see what a small part the Filipinos seemed to be taking in the business of the town. All the stores we visited were in the hands of *Chinos*. Except in the capacity of clerks, the natives were not at all in evidence.

We came to the end of the *Chino* street. Before us lay the beautiful plaza of Calivo, a great open square bordered with giant Talisay trees—a sort of almond. A very large building, iron-roofed and walled around with stone, stood on the opposite side of the plaza. B. said it was the convent and that we might just as well “pull our freight” thitherward as not, so that he could “knock me down” to the “old man,” the *Padre*, and “have the show over.” B.’s conversation was as good as fifty cents’ worth of vaudeville.

"But," said I, in a shocked tone of voice, my sense of propriety on the alert, and, I presume, having in mind Victor Hugo's convent in "*Les Miserables*," "does the *Padre* live in the same house with the nuns?"

B. was convulsed with laughter. It was some time before he could explain that the Philippines did not boast of any order of nuns and that the *Padre* occupied the spacious convent by his "lonesome."

We crossed the plaza, and, after entering the door in the stone wall around the lower story, we ascended the stairs to the living apartments. At the head of the stairs stretched a long, wide hall, divided in the middle by a portable partition, made of cloth on a frame, a screen in fact. Behind this screen, one could see a long dining-table, long enough to seat fifty people. I learned afterward that this was the dining-room.

A hat-rack stood near the head of the stairs. We placed our hats on it and entered the *sala*, or parlor, unannounced. I wanted to rap; but B. would not let me. He said it didn't "cut any ice," for it wasn't "*costumbre*" to rap. I followed along meekly.

I think that, during all my stay in the Islands, I never set foot in a finer house than the convent of this *Padre* to whom I was about to be introduced. The *sala* was a very large room, overlooking the Talisay trees in the plaza below. The entire side

of the room toward the plaza was fitted with sliding windows from floor to ceiling, so that the whole length could be opened to the cool air of the late afternoon. The walls were painted a creamy white, with no attempt, however, at decoration save where a rather gaudy print was nailed here and there to the board partitions. The floor was of two kinds of hard wood laid, in boards a foot or more wide, alternately, first a light-colored board, then one of dark wood. The floor was very smooth and highly polished. A large crystal chandelier for coal-oil lamps hung from the ceiling. In the room, there were perhaps as many as forty black-framed chairs with seats of woven rattan, and there were two large sofas of the same sort of furniture, all of which B. said was imported from Spain.

Several gilt-framed mirrors, rather showy ones, were secured against the walls in different parts of the *sala*. An upright piano, looking very small in the great room, stood at one end near the door leading into the *Padre's* bed-chamber—thanks to B. again. The chairs, some of which were very comfortable rockers, were arranged in straight rows from the windows overlooking the plaza into the center of the room. Each row had another row at an easy conversational distance facing it. Farther down the room, there was another double row of chairs, and still farther down yet another double row. The

other chairs and the sofas were straight-backed against the wall. The rest of the floor space was clear, as though for dancing, except for two marble-top tables placed in the center of the room at equal distances from the chandelier. At first glance the effect was pleasing; but it brought to my mind, nevertheless, a certain house, where, in my early youth, I used occasionally to visit, and where order was worshipped to the very verge of insanity. There was a certain shelf, in that abode of painful regularity, on which stood a clock. Exactly at an equal distance on each side of the clock stood a vase, one just like the other, and then a little ornamental pitcher flanked each vase at just the right distance away. To finish the abomination, little plaster-of-Paris apples, flushed with red paint, graced each end of the shelf. But this manner of arranging furniture, stiff though it certainly looked, did aid sociability; for it enabled a number of people to sit within an easy speaking distance of one another.

We had been seated some time when the *Padre* entered the *sala*, as B. had told me, through the door near the piano. He welcomed me to Calivo in a hearty burst of Spanish, all of which I could not make out; then, seeing that I did not speak Spanish, he uttered a few phrases in English. The pronunciation was something awful. But the *Padre* seemed to scent the humor of the situation, for he knew he

could not enunciate distinctly, so we all laughed merrily, and the *Padre* reeled off a few more of his pet expressions. The rest of the conversation was carried on in Spanish.

As we arose to go, the *Padre* insisted on our remaining with him for supper; for, as he said, his table was always laid for at least four guests. We thanked him and said we could not stay.

We walked home down another street. B. wanted me to see the schoolhouse. It was down the street from the convent, on the northern side of the plaza. It was a large stone building, divided into three rooms by wooden partitions. We did not stay long enough for me to see more of it, for it was nearly supper-time.

When we reached home, we found Captain L. stewing around in the *sala*. Captain L. had a way of blustering and of ripping out oaths on occasions; but he subsided when he saw us. We sat down to supper.

CHAPTER IX.

SCHOOLROOM EXPERIENCES.

AS soon as we had breakfasted, B. and I went over to the schoolhouse. The native teacher caught a glimpse of us while we were still far down the street. He rang his bell, and the hundred or so of children, all ages and sizes, crowded through the door of the schoolhouse without any attempt at forming a line or of maintaining any order whatever.

They all screamed, "*El maestro, El maestro,*" as they piled in through the door to their seats.

Perhaps the teacher did make an effort to enforce discipline. I can't say for sure; for I was too far down the street to make out more than the hustle and tussle of the run to get seats in the very front row. But, if the teacher did try, it was really less to his credit than if he had not. It brought into such glaring prominence his complete lack of government. It is more pleasing to me to think that, through ignorance, he just let the children scramble in after the fashion that best suited themselves.

However, all was still as a mouse as we neared the schoolhouse door. There was not a whisper nor any nervous shuffling of the feet as with most children. Evidently, the pupils were all seated, awaiting breathlessly our appearance before them. They were in their seats and they all popped up like jacks-in-the-box and welcomed us with a thundering "Good morning, t'cher!"—accent heavy on the last syllable—as soon as they caught sight of us in the doorway. I had not expected such an ovation. An embarrassed flush rushed to my cheeks.

B., by way of general introduction, said: "This is your new teacher," glancing toward me.

Again, the whole school, as though moved by one spring, jumped up. A perfectly deafening "Good morning, t'cher!" rang out.

After B. had told me where the lessons were, he left me in charge of the most advanced class. This class had been under two American teachers the year previous, each for a month or two at a time, and had been under B. for the last two months; so that the members of the class could hardly be expected to be very far along in their work. Almost all the arithmetic within their grasp had been learned in the Spanish language under the old regime; their English as a medium through which to express their ideas amounted almost to nothing at all.

In arithmetic, they were in long division; but they

were miserably grounded. They could scarcely do anything even with short division. They were not at all sure or quick in their product tables, and they could not carry very well in addition nor borrow very well in subtraction. In the solving of problems, they were completely at sea, partly because of the English, partly because of a natural slowness to see into things clearly, that is along the line of problems. Goodness knows the whole race is, about some things, as quick as chain lightning.

Since then, I have had pupils of fifteen or sixteen who could not for the life of them tell how much change they would have left if they took a fifty-cent piece to the market and bought six mangos at seven cents each. To many Filipinos, arithmetic proves a stone wall against which they butt their heads by the hour in a vain endeavor to elucidate its mysteries. There was work enough before me just in teaching arithmetic to that class.

And their English! They could read fairly well in the second reader, Baldwin's; but, although they pronounced the words, passably at least, they had not even the faintest idea of what they were reading about. Some of the words, however, they pronounced very badly indeed. In counting, they would stumble over such words as three, six, twelve, thirteen, sixteen, which, as enunciated by them, would become respectively, shre, sick, twel', shirten, sick-

ten, et cetera. In naming the days of the week and in naming the months, they would sometimes make ludicrous blunders. It seems to me I can still hear Tomas saying Shirsday and Tooeesday.

When these students, even the best of them, came to sentence-forming, they were completely lost. Beyond a few simple sentences such as, "Please, may I leave the room?" "Please, may I go home?" and "Where are you going?" which had been hammered into their heads rather than taught to them, my scholars could say nothing at all. They would even make mistakes in these stereotyped sentences. One would occasionally have to make answer to the question: "When did you came?" or "Where you go, t'cher?"

My first task lay in developing a working vocabulary, small but serviceable. This much-desired result was in time brought about by means of acting out, as far as practicable, the verbs, and by means of pictures, and of objects, and also by means of countless questions on the Second Reader lessons; for I gave my pupils to understand that they must get at the meaning of the words and must cease rattling them off parrotlike.

There was one blunder that took a long time to eradicate. To such a question as, "What are the children doing?" would come invariably the answer: "The children are *doing* playing in the street." I

SCHOOLROOM EXPERIENCES.

told them time and again very clearly that, although *doing* was a necessary part of the question, it was very much out of place in the answer. They got my meaning, but it was a long while before they overcame the habit.

That first morning, I heard the class read, corrected the pronunciation when it passed endurance, and fired some questions at my poor students on the lesson just gone over, speaking to them in my usual rapid manner. They looked bewildered. I soon learned that, if I wished to accomplish anything at all, I must learn to speak very slowly and must learn to choose my words carefully.

In my advanced class, were nine girls and eight boys, all of them over fourteen, some of them close to twenty. Keeping order among them was no trouble at all. They behaved just from a natural desire to behave. The class in the other room was not so easy to handle. They studied out loud in a singsong tone of voice, so as the better to memorize the work in hand, and such a hubbub never was heard.

I told B. that noon that there were two things those children were going to learn if they never got any farther along the road to knowledge all the rest of their lives. They were going to learn to march into the building in an orderly manner, and they were going to learn how to study their lessons with their

minds instead of with their mouths. B. smiled and relieved himself of a section of his slang vocabulary. I realized more fully somewhat later what a great task I had undertaken.

Memory work, for a long time, had been the keystone of the educational scheme of the Filipinos; (a scheme of education is assumed for the sake of having a sort of starting point). Every bit of learning at the command of any of the people from children to adults was theirs through memory, never through reason. A word memorized in one sentence would be valueless except in that particular sentence, unless, in fact, the same word had also been committed to memory in another sentence. Words out of sentences were troublesome things to manage. In arithmetic, nothing at all could be done unless the rule applying to each particular problem was well in mind.

Inasmuch as memorization is greatly aided by vocalization, the mouths were made to do most of the work, the knowledge by this process being stowed away subconsciously without much mental effort. It was against this memory habit of years' standing that I pitted myself. I started in to try to make the Filipino mind do its proper share of work; I started in to try to make the Filipino mouth take a much-needed rest.

An American unacquainted with the Philippines



SOME OF MY FIRST SCHOLARS—NATIVE TEACHERS AND B. IN THE BACKGROUND.



A CLASS OF FILIPINO GIRLS STUDYING LACE-MAKING.

and with the Filipinos can scarcely understand to what extent they depend on their memories. We Americans use our memories as aids to our intelligence, or at least we should so use them, not as intelligence itself. Who cares to hear poetry reeled off by the page, on all occasions? Who cares to hear hackneyed stories drawled out on the slightest excuse for a "Now, that reminds me of a—" ? What Americans enjoy is spirited conversation, where memory assists but does not dominate the brains of those doing the talking. When we memorize a date or a fact, a host of little incidents and details go with the date or fact remembered, but not memorized; for we make of the memory a servant, not a master.

A Filipino, at any rate such as those with whom I came in contact, would memorize some bare date or crude fact, with perhaps a paragraph touching on one or the other, driven home solidly along with the date or fact, and that would be the end of the whole matter. Conversation hinging on the aforesaid date or fact would set the mind unreeling subconsciously. I do believe, the accompanying paragraph, and, memory having done its duty, there would be nothing further to say.

It was a herculean task to uproot the memory habit and to substitute in its place the thinking habit; but it had to be done, not only in order to develop better

studying, but in order to bring the habit of studying out loud to an end. As a starter, we broke up the way the scholars had of spitting out a whole paragraph memorized word for word from their reading books when asked a question concerning the lesson. Their manner of studying after they became acquainted with my method of asking questions, based on the reading lesson, was to memorize those paragraphs of the lesson which seemed likely to prove answers to the questions that might be asked.

To the question, "Why did Johnny cry?" which could have been answered with the easy sentence, "Johnny cried because he fell down," I would receive a whole half-page or more of information as to why Johnny shed tears; thus: "And Johnny saw his mother standing near the fence. He ran to meet her, but his little foot caught on a rather large stick lying in the grass and he tripped and fell." A rather lengthy explanation, to be sure. Such reciting was unendurable.

It was one of the rules to have the children send excuses when, for any reason, they could not attend school. They were all striking examples of memory apotheosized. I quote a few of these excuses:

"Dear Teacher I sick. When I was in the meadow picking buttercups, a bee stung my hand.

"Please excuse me,

"Your pupil _____."

SCHOOLROOM EXPERIENCES.

It reads well, only there are no meadows in the Philippines, nor any buttercups, nor any bees likely to come within stinging distance.

Another read:

"Dear Teacher:

"Fred couldn't go to school that day for he had to stay at home to amuse his little brother who was sick.

"Please excuse,

"Your pupil ——."

Another waxed poetical; it ran:

"Dear Teacher,

"Mary had a little lamb,

Its fleece was white as snow;

And everywhere that Mary went

The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school——

"Please, teacher, I no go to school this day,

"Your pupil ——."

Each little excuse-writer wanted to make an excuse of respectable length; so, to fill in the gap between what he knew and the number of lines he wanted to write, he would borrow a little from his reader. Any lines that had the words, sick or school, in some connection or other answered his purpose very well.

IN THE LAND OF THE FILIPINO.

As the school gradually came to run on lines more American, the nuisance caused by the pupils studying out loud lessened until one could almost hear a pin drop while the pupils were getting their lessons. The desired results were not accomplished without a great deal of earnest work.

CHAPTER X.

AN ESTABLISHMENT OF MY OWN.

I HAD not been at B.'s very long before I began to plan for a little home of my own. Their house was just a trifle too small for three Americans. It was a week, however, before I found a suitable house, though, with B.'s help, I did at last manage to find a pretty little board cottage on the other side of the town from B.'s, back of the church. It was a new house, and the family had just moved in; but they very accommodately moved out and let me have the place, and about all their furniture besides, for the modest sum of fifteen pesos a month. There was a pretty little *sala*, open on three sides, a small bedroom, a combination entrance hall and dining-room, and a kitchen.

I thought to manage with one schoolboy to do the errands; for I, myself, was rather skilled in the art of cooking. It was not at all likely I would over-exert myself; for, apparently, there was not going to be much to cook. Rice, chicken, and eggs, and, once in a while, fish, had been my diet for some

IN THE LAND OF THE FILIPINO.

time. Housekeeping seemed likely to be a very simple matter.

I *hiked* down to the *Chino* stores and made a few purchases along the line of cooking utensils and a can of imitation butter; then, home again, I *hiked*. That first supper, for it was in the afternoon that I took possession of my little nipa-thatched cottage, will always be engraven indelibly on my memory, as will, in truth, the first week or two of my housekeeping experiences. I had been so busy all the day that I had not seen about getting anything to eat until the very last moment; so I had to get along as best I could on what I could prepare with the least trouble. A meager repast of boiled eggs and boiled rice satisfied my hunger that night.

The cooking of that first meal proved no easy task. By the time that rice and those eggs were ready to eat, I was not nearly so optimistic about housekeeping as I had been. I found the native stove, several sets of stones in groups of three arranged on a dirt-covered platform three feet off the floor, veritably a volcano. By the time I had set my rice on one set of stones and the water for the eggs on another set of stones, and had built a fire under each, my kitchen had all the appearance of a room being fumigated. Every little while, the fire under the rice pot would get to blazing too much, and the water and rice would boil over. The fire

would promptly go out, of course, and the consequent smudge would be suffocating. The experience was painful. My eyes were full of smoke, my hair felt gritty. I began to assume a Ham-like aspect. At last, the rice was ready and the eggs were sufficiently cooked. I sat down to my humble meal with as much contentment as I could muster, alone and very lonesome.

As my acquaintance with the native stove progressed, however, I learned how to treat it so as to make it behave in a manner more befitting the home of an American. I learned in time how to get the minimum amount of smoke with the necessary amount of heat. Cooking, in time, came to be in a sense diverting; it came to be a means of filling in the hours when nothing else offered. During all my stay in the Islands, even after my establishment boasted of five servants, I still devoted some time each day to cooking. It has always been with me a means of relaxation.

In those days, one had to look out for one's self. In those early days, there were no Americans of experience ready to help a new arrival along. B.'s help, of course, had been invaluable to me, yet B. himself was new to the country and was still learning. So many experiences had been crowded into the six weeks since leaving 'Frisco that I no longer stopped to consider when anything new, no matter

how disagreeable, came into my life. My senses were numbed. I accepted everything stoically and with the best face possible from mere force of habit.

That night when I came to retire, I found the bed to be of a kind similar to the chairs in the *Padre's* convent; that is, the place where, in our beds, we put slats, springs, mattress, was filled with woven rattan. I spread a blanket over the rattan, lay down, and dropped off to sleep. I was very tired. The rattan bothered me some through the light blanket; but I accepted it all as a part of provincial life, quite as I had endured, as well as I could, my smoky kitchen earlier in the evening.

On arising in the morning, I found that wherever my body had come in contact with the perforations incident to the weaving of the rattan, for in the night the blanket had become misplaced, there were little welts, like mosquito bites raised on the flesh. Until the blood began again to circulate through these little places, they bothered me as much as would have bites from a poisonous insect.

From that time on, I never accepted anything in the Philippines as something that had to be endured. I always insisted on somebody at least attempting a cure, though, generally, it devolved on me personally to remedy any situation that failed to come up to my requirements. That noon, I stopped in at one of the *Chino* stores, and made myself owner of a *petate*,

a sleeping mat of plaited palm-leaf strips. I also made arrangements to buy some pillows, though I had to wait for these until the tree cotton, with which they are stuffed, became ripe enough to gather.

Bathing caused me some worry at first; but, after a while, the bamboo bathroom, with its can of water and its cocoanut-shell dipper, with which one could manage a kind of instalment plan shower by lifting the shell full of water over one's head and inverting it, came to be an early morning necessity. I shiver when I think of those icy-cold baths of early morning.

Fortunately, my landlord took on himself to keep my walks and floors clean. Every day, a servant of my landlord would come in while I was away at school—I never locked my house—and would sweep and polish my floors until they shone. Occasionally, the ceiling, made of bamboo mats, would be carefully swept clean of the cobwebs and dust that had gathered there.

After I had become, what one might call, settled, I very often received visits from some of the young men of Calivo. They would generally come in groups of seven or eight, and thus taxed to the utmost the seating capacity of my *sala*. Some of the young men could speak a bit of English, which they had picked up, a word here and a word there, and by the aid of a conversation book. These little visits were at first only amusingly monotonous, although.

as time went on and the visits continued, they became rather distressingly so. As I knew little Spanish, and they comparatively little English, a good part of the time passed in mutual admiration, and mutual analyzation, too, I fear. The long intervals of silence following the occasional queries regarding something about America gave to the little gathering at my house a Quaker-like formality: we all sat around waiting for the spirit to move us.

At that time, too, I had several students that sometimes came in after class in the afternoon to sit for an hour or so, trying to improve their English. So long as I felt that I had the time to spare, I was always glad to welcome these pupils.

As the days passed and I began to reckon my residence in my new home by weeks, I found that I was gaining rapidly, not only in my Spanish, but also in the native lingo.

Across the street from me lived a family with several grown-up servants, who spent a large part of their time during the early evening in rather high-keyed conversation, under the stimulus of *tuba*, the native beer. I would often sit by my open window listening to the awful babel, not being able to tell where one sentence ended and another began. But attentive listening, together with a little help from one or two Filipinos, who knew English, soon began to show results. After a while, I was able to make

out many words in the jangle across the street. In time, I got so I could speak the Visayan with some fluency, although, as one may well imagine, my vocabulary was rich in profanity; for the *tuba*-drinking set across the street swore one oath after another. To these neighbors of mine, I was indebted for many an interesting half-hour, which might otherwise have been passed in utter dejection.

Lamps play such an important part in the life of the Philippines that they deserve special mention. The evenings, the year round, are long, and to one isolated as was I, a lamp, with its warm, bright rays, could be quite a companion. But the *Chino* stores were all stocked with such cheap lamps, although, of course, their retail prices were high enough to warrant better. My first purchase was one of green glass. It had a round wick and a round tube-shaped chimney. The light was fairly good, although the flame did have a way of running up one side and smoking like a cigarette fiend. The worst trouble lay in the careless way in which the burner was thrown together. It was not at all substantial, and nothing but a small, flat piece of metal separated the oil in the glass reservoir from the little cylinder. If, by chance, a little charred piece of wick happened to fall down on this little flat piece of metal, it would not be any time at all before it would be blazing inside the wick cylinder.

If one turned the wick down low enough to extinguish itself, the flame from the charred piece of wick on the little piece of metal near the oil would still continue burning; and only a sharp puff of breath would in any way affect this inside fire. There was always considerable danger that the oil would get hot enough to vaporize, when, of course, the lamp would be almost sure to explode.

Once, on returning from a walk around the town, I found both wick and charred pieces burning pretty lively. The oil was smoking and the burner was so hot I could not touch it, to say nothing of turning the wick down. I did not dare blow it out and I did not dare throw it out the window for fear of causing a conflagration. Dangerous though it was, I picked up the lamp and carried it down the stairs to the street below, where, by pouring handfuls of dust down the chimney, I put out the flame without in any way injuring the lamp.

As the months passed and I saw my way clearly, I purchased a more expensive lamp, similar in all respects to the first except that it had a frame, a sort of three-chained affair, supporting an iron rest for the lamp. It had been in use some weeks and had been pulled down at night and shoved up in the daytime numberless times. One evening, I lighted the lamp and pulled it down over my table. Then, I went to the bath for a wash-up before sitting

down to supper. Hardly had I reached my room when the servants—all this happened in another house and I had several servants in my kitchen—set up a terrified yell of "*Gasonug! gasonug! Na-holog do kinki, na-halog! na-holog!*" "Fire! Fire! The lamp fell! It fell! It fell!"

It took me only a moment to arrive on the scene. One of the three chains supporting my lamp frame had broken, allowing the lamp to fall about half over; and there it hung drizzling oil, each drop a flame, down on the table below, where a blaze had already started. The muchachos were stiff with fear. I raced back to my bedroom and grabbed my woolen blankets. By the time I again reached the fire, my muchachos had regained their scattered senses and were trying to put out the blaze with wood ashes. One blanket fell on the blazing center of the table; the other, I wrapped quickly around the burning lamp. The fire was completely smothered.

For many days after, the conversation in my kitchen, to which I sometimes lent a not-altogether-polite ear, turned on the means I had used to extinguish the burning lamp and blazing table. Even to this day, the words come back to me though in the abrupt native dialect: "And the teacher put it all out with blankets."

Conflagrations in the Philippines, a country in which the houses are constructed of highly inflam-

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mable material and where means for extinguishing large fires are absolutely nil, are even more than ordinarily serious; and a fire that, by promptness, has been prevented from spreading is not soon forgotten.



A BELLE OF THE UPPER CLASSES.

CHAPTER XI.

A VAROTO RIDE TO CAPIZ.

LIFE in an isolated provincial town soon wears on one terribly. The novelty of the strange scenes rapidly passes; there is no longer much enjoyment to be derived from watching the cocoanut-palms and the banana-trees from the windows.

Calivo was, and is still for that matter, a large place, a place of considerable wealth, too; but it was very much like a country town in the States, if one might make a crude attempt at comparison, at the same time offering due apologies to the country town. There was little entertainment in Calivo except when, at rare intervals, a dance at one of the large houses offered the means whereby to pass a pleasant evening, that is, provided one cared for dancing. All the other evenings dragged away as though weighted with lead.

During my first month in Calivo, the sun hardly came out at all. Every day, rain poured down from morning until night in such torrents that only with

difficulty could one make anything out up or down the street; and, beginning with the night, it poured around the other way until morning. Walking as a source of pleasure was out of the question. I went out of doors only when I had to go to the schoolhouse or down-town.

Just about the time when I was beginning to feel despondent, the rainy season, which had been hanging on an unprecedentedly long time, came to an end, and the beautiful spring of the dry season began. About this time, four new teachers arrived from the States, and were ordered to our end of the province near Calivo. Making new friendships, some of which endure to the present day, took up much of the time of the next few days. Mr. W. went out very soon to his station in Malinoa, a town eight miles up the river in the foot-hills. Mr. J. stayed at my house for several days before setting out for Ibajay. I took advantage of J.'s visit with me to propose a trip down to the seashore, for a swim in the ocean. I had not been down since the day I walked along the beach through the fishing village on my way to Calivo for the first time.

What a different road it was that second trip! The few days of tropical sunlight had dried up the two miles of road leading down to Bushwang, and the feet of hundreds of natives, tramping down to Calivo and back, had patted down a nice, smooth path all



TWO AMERICANS, A SPANIARD AND HIGH-CLASS NATIVES.

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the way. Cocoanut-palms and banana clumps, with here and there a bamboo tree, grew luxuriously along each side of the road. We passed numerous small nipa and bamboo huts, each with its group of naked children playing in front, and with its group of grown-ups smoking tobacco or chewing betel-nut while basking at the window in the warm rays of the sun. Many of the older people never seemed to have any work to do.

Walking made us warm, so we stopped at one of the houses to buy a cocoanut. The little children scampered off in all directions, nor could we induce them to return. The "*padre de la familia*" bustled up a tree in no time, and tossed down a few *botung*, the unripe cocoanut. The women of the establishment gathered up the nuts, cut out a piece from the top of each, and offered them to us to drink. I said at the time that the liquor was far more refreshing than any glass of American soda-water I had ever drunk; but I afterward realized that the sunlight of the dry season must have affected my imagination, thus leading me to make extravagant statements. However, we resumed our journey greatly refreshed.

At Bushwang, we had a delightful plunge. The beach was perfect, a gentle slope of the finest sand stretching far out; the water was just pleasantly cool; there were no dangerous undercurrents. A crowd collected around us to see what we looked like. They

seemed very much interested in our whiteness.

While we were dressing, we told the men to get us some cocoanuts. One bunch of eight nuts attracted my attention, so I told them to get that, too. The men had a good deal of trouble in lowering the bunch of nuts. It weighed a ton, I guess, by the fuss they made. But I wanted them to be very careful so as not to break any of the nuts from the stem. It took two men to carry that bunch. The whole populace strung themselves up and down the streets as we passed along to our house. They all laughed as though they had never seen anything quite so funny. Perhaps they had not from their point of view.

The day set for Mr. J.'s departure came, so we parted. He traveled up the coast about thirty miles to Ibajay; and I was once more thrown on my own resources to devise means of putting in the time after my work for the day was done.

I saw B. only once in a while. He seemed to be pretty generally on a *hike* some place or other. One day, he came to my house and unfolded a plan that, for a short time, would lift the dullness and the monotony of my school-teaching life very much. Mr. W. and he were going to make a trip to Capiz in one of the big boats made from tree-trunks, *varotos*, such as I had seen on the beach at Bushwang. I was delighted, of course, with the prospects of again

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seeing Mr. S. and Mr. M.; but the likelihood of having to accept favors that I perhaps would never be in a position to return, cast a shadow over my preparations for the journey. Friday evening, we were all gathered at Bushwang with our traps and calamities, ready to get into the *varoto* as soon as our men should shove her into the water.

With this *varoto* voyage came to an end my experiments in ocean travel. There was nothing left to try, unless somebody would offer to shoot me off to America in a submarine. I had tried riding in all kinds of craft, from the ocean liner to the Japanese sampan, the Chinese junk, and the "Suerte." I had never even dreamed that I should go sailing over the deep blue sea in a tree-trunk *varoto*.

We got in, our oarsmen gave another shove, and leaped to their places as we started to mount the wave just ahead, rolling toward us. The wave broke as the additional weight of our men forced the *varoto's* nose down. We were all drenched from head to foot; but we soon got used to drenchings, for that was not the only time our boat failed to meet the waves as she should. We had to sit very quietly for fear of shipping more than the usual amount of water. Even as it was, some one had to be bailing all the time.

During my long term in the Islands, I made many and many a *varoto* trip; but, with only one exception,

when I was thrown up on a little islet for more than a day without being able to get away, I was never out in a sea so rough as it was that night. The men rather wanted to turn back; but we thought it best to continue. The moon shone bright and clear, and there was little wind. The heavy sea had probably been blown up by the wind of the early afternoon and would, we hoped, soon begin to get smoother. But it didn't; it was rough all the way.

After seven hours of sitting in one position, drenched to the skin, we reached the mouth of the Capiz River. B.'s words came back to me about my finding worse means of traveling than those offered by the "Suerte", before I got through with provincial life. I certainly had found one way that was abominable. As though to add to our discomfort, we stuck on the bar at the mouth of the river. There is always trouble to be expected at this bar, *varoto* trips as yet unthought of, taught me before the year wound around to its close. There we were stuck hard and fast. We could not go on, we could not go back. The waves were breaking over us in great clouds of spray.

The men had to jump out and wade around the bar until they came to where the water deepened into the channel. Then, they came and got us and we continued on up the river. We were all so weary that we stopped at a little *barrio*—village—near the

A VAROTO RIDE TO CAPIZ.

mouth of the river to stretch our legs a little and to try to find some drinking water. It was about two o'clock in the morning, and nobody was awake; so we wakened one household, and had the people get us some rain water from their large earthen jar. We bought a little tobacco for the men; they were so worn out.

We waited a while longer at the *barrio*, so as to make our arrival in Capiz more timely. We wanted to reach there after daybreak, so as not to disturb any of our prospective hosts. Some time after three—my watch, just a cheap one, had been soaked with water on the way over and was not running—we continued on up the river. Rowing up the broad and smooth river was greatly in contrast to the ocean part of the trip. We did not ship any more water, and we did not have to be so dreadfully particular about sitting still all the while for fear of unbalancing the varoto. We rowed along close up to the bank in order to avoid, as much as possible, the swift current of the central part of the stream, and this brought us continually beneath the deep shadows of the low lands along the sides of the river, heavily overgrown with the tide-water-loving nipa.

The moon was still shining, though it hung rather low in the sky. With its light and with the light of the stars, we were able to make out at intervals, like an oasis in a desert, a raised bit of ground among

the nipas of the swamp, with a shack or two close to the water's edge, and perhaps a couple of cocoanut-palms and a cotton-tree or two in the background. In some of these shacks, cocoanut-oil lamps were still burning; but one would have had a hard time guessing whether the people had remained up all night or had just arisen. Some of the trees in the little settlements along the river were completely covered with billions and billions of fireflies. From behind a curve in the river near them, one could see their glow in the air above and around like the light of the moon, only fainter; and, when we came in sight of the tree itself, the water around would be lighted up as though tiny incandescents were burning.

We passed an old *vino* factory, a sign that Capiz was near. After a while, we made out in the early morning light, for it was near sunrise, a sailboat, and then another drawn up against the bank; *praos* the natives call them. Just as the warm red rays of the sun flamed across the hills east of Capiz, we drew up alongside a stone work, which seemed to wall the bank on either side of the river as far as I could see.

A very large board house, not more than a couple of yards from the stone-banked river, opened four wide windows hospitably toward us. I did not know where we were; but B. did, and he called in stentorian tones:

"Hello, the house. *Tag balay, tag balay.* To h—— with you, C." B.'s manner always gave the impression that he regretted greatly his not having been born a '49-er.

Mr. C., a subsequent introduction informed me, was the provincial treasurer. If there was one trait of character that seemed to exhibit itself more than any other on his care-free countenance, that trait was open-handed hospitality. We were made collectively welcome by a hearty call from the window, and individually welcome at the head of the stairs by a hearty hand-shake, and demonstratively welcome by a most plentifully supplied breakfast-table. I had expected to go up to Mr. S.'s; but, as we were not to be long in Capiz, I decided to stay with the crowd.

Part of the day passed in relating personal experiences more or less amusing, according to who was doing the telling. In the afternoon, we got up a game of whist, my first in weeks and weeks.

Evening brought with it an invitation for us all to attend an impromptu dance at a large house up the street. We attired ourselves in our best white, and, about nine o'clock, sallied out from C.'s in a body. It was some distance, though one does not mind distance in the Philippines. We sauntered along, joking and laughing, until we heard the band down the street; for dancing had already begun. Then,

unconsciously, our pace quickened to the rhythm of the music, and we arrived at the house at a rapid march.

A lively two-step, rather too fast, was in progress. The hostess was dancing; but, when we stood at the head of the stairs, bunched together rather awkwardly, she came to us and welcomed us very graciously indeed. She did not know more than three or four of us, and there were no introductions either. We were welcomed as Americans, not as individuals. Few of the older people were present, for it was not a formal dance. In the course of the evening, we met our host, who seemed to take a secondary part in the affair, and a few other men.

We seated ourselves, massed together as usual, on one side of the room; and we danced once in a while when some polite young fellow would bring up a charming *senorita* to offer as a partner for one of us. The dancing did not seem to go as in America. The band played the two-steps too fast, with an occasional jerk in between, and then a skip or two, which made the dancing of the Americans, accustomed to a slower, more even time, somewhat of a scramble. The Filipinos apparently got along all right; for, every time the band would drop a note or miss a measure or so, the natives would give an extra hitch or a double shuffle and spin on as smoothly as ever. None but a whirling dervish direct from India could

have managed the waltzes in any kind of time. They ripped along like a concert pianist playing the waltzes of Chopin.

After two hours of dancing, we were asked, with some of the buxom *senoritas*, to partake of some *dulce*, little cakes and sweets of various kinds. We stood while taking a taste of this and a taste of something else. There were little sponge cakes and candied cocoanut and custard molded into various shapes. Then, as a finishing touch, were passed coffee and little oblong pieces of light-brown sugar, "*caremelo*." The dancing continued all the time we were eating. We returned to the *sala*, and other guests filed out to the *dulce* tables.

Some time after two o'clock, we thanked the host and hostess for the pleasant time we had had, and our part of the crowd returned to C.'s. I did not sleep very well that night. The bed was a bamboo frame, with a bottom of split bamboo, bound together with little narrow strips of rattan. It was hard and unyielding, and some little insect kept up a grating noise all the rest of the night, like some one boring a hole through a hard-wood plank.

It was Sunday, so none of us arose very early. When we did, the tide was away up in the river, level with the street below our windows. It looked so inviting that we all went swimming before sitting down to breakfast.

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Our stay in Capiz was about over. It was time to begin to plan to return to dull Calivo after our gay visit in the provincial capital. We wanted to reach Calivo in time for a good night's rest; so, immediately after dinner, we said good-by to Capiz and to our many friends.

CHAPTER XII.

HOLY WEEK AND THE RELIGIOUS PROCESSION.

WE had already passed through a good part of Lent, and Holy Week, with its festivities of deeply religious significance, was at hand. Since the beginning of Lent, solemn processions had paraded the streets of Calivo every Sunday, up and down the streets of half the town one Sunday, up and down the streets of the other half the next. From my vantage-point, the window of my house, I had watched the processions as, every other Sunday, they passed by in the street below.

Seeing that all my neighbors placed lights in their windows, partly to do honor to the procession, partly to light the rather dark streets, I, too, placed my two lamps, one in each window, thinking to "do as the Romans do." But alas! for the subdued light of the candles seen in the most of the houses, I had, quite unwittingly, of course, and with the best of intentions, tried to make my lamps a fitting substitute. The next Sunday the procession was due to pass my house, the fact that lamps could never be

made to take the place of candles as a means of showing proper respect for a religious procession was brought home to me rather forcefully. My landlord, Leon, came in early that Sunday afternoon with four candles stuck in empty beer-bottles, which, he said, would look better in the window than any lamps. Lamps were far too bright. It was twilight rather than light that would add the required mystery and dignity to the scene. Not to be outdone, I sent up to the store and bought four candles. That night, when the procession wound slowly and solemnly by, the feeling of satisfaction that comes to one who knowing just what to do, does it, suffused me. I felt thoroughly content with my eight candles, two in each of my four windows.

Every year, as Holy Week draws nearer, these Sunday processions, which, at the beginning of Lent, are hardly worth describing, grow longer and finer. Children of from six to seven, each with a lighted candle in hand, head the procession, which forms in two lines, one on each side of the street. After the very small children come those a little larger, and then those still larger, and so on, until only adults with occasionally an infant, too young to go up in front, dragged along by its mother, march slowly by, each one with a lighted candle even to the unwilling participants in charge of insistent mammas. The women are attired in the usual native costume, a

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wide-sleeved waist of pineapple or banana cloth and a skirt of some print, or of silk, generally with trains. All the women wear the long veils, the Spanish mantilla, which make them look as though in mourning. For these preliminary processions, the men wear just whatever they have ready, white being generally worn.

Each man, each woman, each child, no matter how poorly they may be dressed, each one has a lighted candle to hold. Between these two rows of lights are carried the images of the saints or floats representing different happenings in the Bible. At first, only two images are carried, just enough to grace the procession and to give it balance; but, as Easter approaches and the processions become longer, more and more images are added and more floats appear. A number of saints are represented, and the floats, some of which are very elaborately decorated even to valuable jewels and costly lace, represent scenes in the life of Christ, from His birth in the manger to His death on the cross and His burial in the sepulcher.

Any family wishing to do special penance for some wrong-doing, or wishing to express their gratitude for some blessing, or for some good fortune that has befallen them, by means of a float can show their repentance or express their appreciation. Thus, some families, through deep religious fervor, will be-

deck their images magnificently. I recall an image of Saint Mary, which was very richly attired. The image wore a queenly gown of royal purple velvet, heavily embroidered in gold, and an exquisite veil of elaborately worked pineapple cloth, months in the making, no doubt. In her hand, the image carried a pineapple cloth handkerchief of gossamerlike fineness, delicately wrought in a combination of drawn-work and the finest sort of embroidery imaginable. Besides, there were many jewels over the entire figure; for the family had money, and Filipino families with money always have a great deal of jewelry, which they regard as perfectly safe investment for their spare cash.

In those days, Calivo had about forty floats and images. Many of them were so large that they had to be mounted on four-wheeled wagons and drawn or pushed through the streets by eight or ten men. Some of these large floats had as many as ten figures grouped on them, "The Road to Calvary," "The Crucifixion," and "The Descent from the Cross," all being very complicated affairs.

One float to which my attention was particularly called, contained a horseman, spear in hand, standing guard. By some accident, the image on the horse, a separate figure, was burned just a few days before the float was needed in the procession. As there was no time to make another image, the little son of the family, a lad of seven, was made to take the

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part. With face and hands painted a chalk white, and with clothes to represent a soldier, the boy sat through the two hours of that long procession, one little hand holding the spear, the other on the reins, his feet in the stirrups, his enraptured face turned toward the heavens. He never moved, never winked an eyelash, and, had he not been so close to me in passing, I would have taken him for the wood that he represented.

The floats are all brilliantly lighted with candles, protected from the wind by globes. A great deal of care has to be exercised throughout the procession; for, not infrequently, a piece of drapery blown by the wind falls on a lighted candle. Agile watchers, with bamboo ladders and long poles, follow each car and make any serious damage from fire unlikely.

The procession of Holy Thursday is of immense length. All the people from the surrounding country for miles around, at this time, flock into Calivo in great numbers. Any one journeying out of Calivo on this festival will find the roads swarming with the incoming crowds, each individual lugging on his head sufficient raiment for the rest of the week; for they do not go back home until after Easter.

On Good Friday, the procession is, if anything, even longer than the one of Holy Thursday. It is the saddest of all. Men, women, and children are dressed in deepest mourning. Some of the women sob as though their hearts would break; all look utterly

miserable. For the first time, the float on which is mounted the hearse containing the figure of Christ, is wheeled along. On each side is a line of honorary pall-bearers in black.

The *Padre* always comes very close to the end of each of these processions. His robe varies with the different Sundays of Lent and with the three principal processions of Holy Week, those of Holy Thursday, Good Friday, and Easter. Sometimes, very elaborate robes, valued at several hundreds of pesos, are worn.

At the beginning of Lent, and on each Sunday following, the issuance of these processions from the church is announced by a dreadful clanging of the dozen or so of discordant bells hanging in the belfry, and with a crash of band music not unlike that one hears at a second-class circus when the leading lady jumps through the paper ring. On the return to the church a similar clamor is set up. From Thursday morning until Easter, not a sound of any kind is heard. When the Americans first came to the Islands, not even a boat coming into the harbor, during this time of silence, would give vent to its whistle. With the dawn of Easter morn, however, there is a glad ringing of the bells, and an even gladder burst of brass band, and the populace piles out before sunrise in order to be ready for the ascension.

This ceremony takes place out in the plaza, where, for some days past, a gang of workmen has been busy erecting a high tower of bamboo, Eiffel-like in shape,



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and very much adorned with palm-leaves, green vines, and gay banners. As the hour for the ascension draws near, just the first peep of dawn, when everything around is faint and shadowy, and everybody's nerves are naturally on a strain, the crowds pack tightly around the tower to watch a sweet little child in white being pulled in a much-betrimmed chair up out of sight into the very top of the little cupola, which forms the upper portion of the bamboo structure. Then follows tumultuous rejoicing, much hand-shaking and laughing and talking, while the people throng into the church for the Easter mass.

Easter evening, the final long procession of the series takes place. This procession is one of great joy; for the Christ, as represented in the pure little child of the tower—usually a girl, by the way—has again ascended into the high heavens. For this procession, the *senoritas* appear in beautiful dresses richly worked, or else hand-painted. The bands play; choruses of girls singing joyous hymns of praise are grouped at intervals between the double lines of candle-bearers; and the *Padre*, in a robe positively gorgeous with heavy gold embroidery in intricate designs, with pompous strides marches along at the rear. An image of Holy Mary brings the whole showy demonstration to a fitting close.

As with most things of this life, however solemn, these processions seldom come to an end without something laughter-provoking taking place, or at

least appealing to the disinterested onlooker as ludicrous. One Holy Thursday, a large float, propelled by several *taos* concealed beneath a lace valance, draped around the lower part of the car, just in front of the pompous *Padre*, failed to move along quite as rapidly as the occasion seemed to require, thus causing the *Padre* to pause in the line of march. Surreptitiously, but nevertheless effectively, with several good kicks, the *Padre* gently reminded the *taos* under the valance that a little more speed would be appreciated.

The Last Supper is another amazing ceremony of the Lenten season in the Philippines. Twelve of the scrawniest masculine hags that one ever looked at—even in the Orient—are hired to become the apostles for the day. They are dressed in all colors of the rainbow, bright greens being combined with yellows and reds, and blues made up with orange or pink. Needless to say, they present a laughable spectacle even to the Filipinos themselves.

The Last Supper, for some unknown reason, is served at noon. It is eaten in the convent, although the viands are donated by one of the monied citizens of the town, who wishes by so doing to show his religious inclinations. The *Padre*, assuming the part of Christ, sits at the head of the long table. The conversation follows a set form, patterned after the remarks set down in the Bible as having been uttered at this last meal. Everything takes place exactly as recorded, even to the betrayal of Christ by Judas.

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The solemn occasion over, vari-colored apostles parade the streets in a body to beg for alms. They go up into the houses of the well-to-do, begging at the head of the stairs for a copper cent or for one of the little half cents; they go to the stores to ask for a little rice, or for some salt fish.

By the time night comes, most of the apostles are pretty filled up on native beer. Some of their antics, taking into consideration the character of those whom for the day they are representing, are positively scandalous. But the natives seem not to care how the apostles comport themselves after the momentous meal is over, provided they preserve decorum while at the table. Numerous times have I befriended a somewhat wobbly Thomas or John to the extent of a five-cent piece; and, on one occasion, the whole saintly twelve were lined up against my *sala* wall, waiting for me and Mr. J., who at the time was with me, to rake together enough pennies so that each might have three to put into the pocket of his gaudy calico kimona.

Soon after Holy Week and Easter came the final examinations of the year. Then, we entered on our long vacation of twelve weeks.

CHAPTER XIII.

A VERY LONG VACATION.

WITH the closing of the schools, the last of March, all the American teachers were confronted with a serious problem, that of putting in the time for the next twelve weeks. Our salaries, to be sure, were to continue, for we were on a contract at so much a year to be paid in twelve monthly instalments regardless of vacation; but, although we each had money sufficient to meet current expenses, none of us felt that we could afford to run up to Manila, so as to be where we could have things, especially in the way of food more American. Nobody knows how we longed for something other than rice and chicken, and chicken and rice.

Time seemed likely to hang heavily on our hands; for, with the regular routine of school work gone, and with nothing to take its place, the days, we feared, would be interminably long. As Mr. J. said, it would be like having ninety Saturdays in succession.

The first week was taken up by a trip to Capiz, where we were called to attend an American

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teachers' institute. As an institute, the meeting did not amount to much. All we did was to sing a few national songs to the accompaniment of a tinny old piano, and to tell some of our personal experiences, some of which were altogether too personal to be related, with any attempt at equanimity, by the one concerned. Some of those who spoke, would have been better off had they kept still.

There was one among us who, with the spirit many Americans newly arrived in the Islands display, went on to criticize at great length some of the work along industrial lines done the previous year in Capiz. His remarks were entirely uncalled for and most unjust. He was properly and promptly squelched.

I was disgusted with the institute. It was intended to help us in our work; it bored us instead. In the Philippines, the experiences of a teacher from one town are practically valueless to one from another town. One locality is seldom enough like any other locality, except in a very general sense, to make even one's own experiences of value to one on changing station. Anyway, we were all too new at the work to have any very valuable theories or plans to offer to our fellows. I have mentioned it partly because it took up the first few days of that long stretch of holidays, partly because it was in a way unique; for I never attended another institute.

We had been fortunate enough to catch the "Suerte" over to Capiz. Who would have thought that I

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should ever use the word, fortunate, in connection with the "Suerte"? Yet she saved us a tedious *varoto* ride. We could not return to Calivo by steamer without waiting around Capiz a week or longer. There was no way of getting back except by *varoto*; at least, so we at first thought, although, on making investigations along the river-front, we found a *prao*, a *varoto* with sails to propel it, and outriggers of bamboo to balance it, about ready to set out for Legatic. We jumped at this chance for a sail.

Two hours after the time set for departure, we came along with our suitcases. Then, after waiting another hour without any reason so far as we could see except to let us know that the first two hours had not been spent in awaiting us, we shoved off from the stone wall along the river-bank. The tide was running out rapidly; we steered into the center of the current to get the full effect. As soon as we hoisted the sail and began to tack, zigzagging back and forth from bank to bank, the effect of the current was not so noticeable. When we reached the bar at the river's mouth, there was not enough water to float us over. We had to put back to the little *barrio*, where, once before, we had rested an hour or two.

It was a disagreeable wait, there in that little *barrio*. Finally, we tried the bar again, and, this time, we managed to cross over out into the open, where, pushed along by a splendid breeze, we made excellent time. Reaching Legatic early, we set off down



THE NORMAL AT CALIVO.

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the road to Calivo right away. We did not have to walk along the beach. The road to Calivo had been repaired; new bridges had been put in, and wide, deep ditches had been dug on either side to drain the road. We came up with a two-wheeled springless cart, drawn by a *carabao*, and loaded with sacks of rice, on its way to Calivo. For a part of the distance, we jolted over the road on top of the rice; but the load was too much for the short-winded beast, so we continued on foot.

On our arrival in Calivo, we went immediately to my house. I had a hen tied up in my kitchen, left, during my absence, to the care of kind neighbors. Our severe hunger saw to it that the hen was not long in getting over the fire. That night's supper, I still remember distinctly; for, that night, I got some *Chino* flour and made some chicken gravy. It was the first gravy any of us had had in weeks.

Morning found the four of us well started on an eight-mile hike up into the hilly country to Malinao, where we intended breakfasting. Mr. W. lived in a very large house, built on high posts. Nicolas, the native owner of the house, also occupied part of it, so we met him as soon as we came up. Nicolas could speak considerable Spanish and Nicolas had delightful manners. I think I have never met anybody who knew better how to use the means at hand to make guests comfortable than did Nicolas. We were, of course, visiting Mr. W., and so to him,

primarily, our thanks were due; but Nicolas was the majordomo of the establishment, the committee of one on amusements, the interpreter for the party, our guide on excursions, all rolled into one. Nicolas was in every way an extremely useful man. How sad it is that so many times first impressions are not lasting impressions. Nicolas was all that I have mentioned, yet he had one very bad fault, which spoiled him for a long acquaintance: he had a perfect passion for being in one's debt for as large a number after the dollar sign as he could persuade one to agree to lend. But that first vacation, Nicolas proved invaluable. It has always been a matter of sincere regret with me that so strong a chain of pleasing qualities should have had so weak a link.

Breakfast over, there was nothing to do in this little mountain town. It was what one might, with absolute truth, call a dull town; so dull was it that, having lived through a few months' stay in the place, one would probably never be superlatively dull again. He would have reached the very bottom of dullness, the very limits of sameness. There was not a single book nor a magazine, not even a newspaper, in the house, nor in the town for that matter, though the *Padre* did have a few Spanish books. There was not a single place of amusement. There was not a carriage in the town, nor even a saddle-horse. Our only means of getting around was by walking. Our only pastime lay in enjoying to the fullest extent

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the strangeness of being placed just as we were.

There was nothing to do but to gawk out of the windows across the plaza and up and down the street. We had already somewhat tired of each other's society on the trip to Capiz and back; that is, we no longer talked merely for the sake of keeping up a conversation and being agreeable. We were all, I hope, pleasant; but, partly because we had exhausted all topics, there was no attempt at conversation. Nothing passed our lips except, perhaps, short, quick questions and curt answers. Ennui had a strong hold on all of us.

Then, Nicolas stepped in and filled the breach. He proposed a corn-hunting expedition. Well, we just jumped. Before long, we had crossed over to the other side of the river and were laughing and talking on our way as though we had not just been having the blues. We found the corn, too, and we brought it home and cooked it for dinner. Besides, we had some mountain sweet potatoes—*camotes*—roasted in the coals. How good it all tasted! There was a chicken for us, also, broiled over the coals; but it was so small that we did not get more than a bite apiece.

We were tired from our walk, and, being tired, we rested until time for supper. Nicolas awakened us to ask us if we did not want to go swimming in the swift Aclan. Of course, we wanted to go swimming. It was just the very thing. Had Nicolas proposed a

journey to the moon, I presume we would, with alacrity, have fallen in with the plan. Gradually, we dropped into the way of letting Nicolas teach us how to dispose of the long days.

Our bath in the river was delightful; only the exercise made us beastly hungry, and hunger does not go very well with a poorly supplied larder. That night, I ate for the first time rice dry cooked, as the Filipinos prepare it. After supper, Nick, as we came to call him for short, had a dance on hand in some little bamboo shack up the street; so, up the street, we all went and never came back until after midnight.

Thus the days sped by. Nick kept us going a good clip all the time. When it was not a corn-hunt or a duck-hunt—Nick had a shotgun—it was a swimming party, or a dance at some house or other, or a trip to the mountains. Had it not been for Nick, we should have dried up and blown away.

We were learning all the while a little Spanish and a great deal of Visayan. As for actually sitting down to any serious study, we, unsettled as we naturally felt, would have found it impossible even though we had had the books at hand.

One day, Nicolas thought we should enjoy a picnic up the river to a little *barrio*, the inhabitants of which, bound in a way to him by a sort of feudal system prevailing among the Filipinos even to this day, would furnish us with refreshment and entertainment. It was to be a picnic, yet it was not to be at all like

picnics in the homeland. The Filipinos use the word, *vacacion*, in speaking of these little trips out into the country or mountainside; but we settled on picnic as the nearest we could get to it in English.

Though there were twenty of us in the party, pretty Filipino girls and some young men besides Nicolas and ourselves, not one of us carried a lunch-basket of any kind, nor was any one prepared as for a picnic. We were evidently to be provided for in the *barrio*. The affair was to be more like a party than like a picnic.

Our crowd had a steep climb up a hill and down on the other side, and across a river. In the Philippines, one can not turn around without having to cross rivers and to trudge up and down mountains. But we managed nicely. All the Filipinos of the party pulled up their skirts or rolled up their trousers up above their knees, and waded across—they were barefoot—to the other side. We Americans could not stop to take off our shoes; so, as there was no *varoto* handy, we had to cross over *muchacho*-back.

There was one perfect giant of a tree growing near where we crossed the river. It was the only tree I had seen for some time large enough in any way to relieve the monotony of the palm-burdened scenery. The trunk must have been easily five feet in diameter; but it branched in mammoth arms a few feet up, so that the trunk was not the most striking feature. The branches drooped far out over the river in a

great circle of leafy roof. The tree itself was remarkable; but the plants that had been sprouted along the moss-covered limbs were most pleasing of all. There were great festoons of shiny-leafed vines hanging down almost to the water below; there were lacy-leafed ferns thickly banked all along the limbs, from the trunk out; and there were orchids blooming in great clusters, which filled all the air around with fragrance. As though to make it all even more like fairy-land, the whole tree, with its hundreds of air plants and vines, was mirrored in the sluggish current of the river.

We found our *barrio* up a round, broad-topped hill. There were only six small nipa shacks in the place; but the twang of a guitar gave promise of a song or two, and perhaps a fancy mountain dance.

It was truly something to be wondered at, the hospitality displayed by the mountain people; and they did it all as easily and smoothly as though they had been accustomed to entertain strangers every day. There were no chairs about; but a bamboo bench ran along across the room beneath the two open windows. On this bench, we Americans seated ourselves.

Filipinos always serve food just as soon as visitors arrive, a custom very much appreciated after a "hike." Those roasted *camotes* just from the coals were delicious. We did not drink *tuba*, though everybody else did; so a tao got us down some young coconuts to drink. While we were eating, the *Senora*

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of the house had occasion to pass in front of us several times. It was laughable, though we did not laugh, to see how she managed it so as to get by us without giving offense. She would bow ceremoniously to all of us collectively; then, she would stick out her hand straight in front of her, palm out and fingers well spread, as though to carve out for herself a hallway through the air.

Before long, everybody was chewing betel-nut except the Americans. I remember I took a little partly to say that I had tried it; but I did not like it. The lime with which the betel-nut is mixed burned my tongue. The Filipino girls, I must add, did not chew more than a very little of the betel-nut, just enough to relieve the fatigue of the long walk. It does have a tendency to rest one. The girls took too much pride in their appearance to chew very much, for they knew betel-nut would in time blacken their teeth as it had their mothers'.

The girls sang several native songs, accompanied by the twang-twang of a home-made guitar. There was some dancing, though not more than two couples could get on the floor at a time. How they could slip around on a split bamboo floor without stubbing their toes in the cracks was a mystery; but they were bare-foot and that helped some.

At intervals, somebody would pass around a plate of roasted *camotes*. Once, they passed some delicious *lan-ca*—jack-fruit—the first I had ever tasted.

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It was evident that no formal meal was to be served. We were to satisfy our hunger with the circulating lunches, which came our way every little while.

It was growing dusk when we crossed the river again, homeward bound. While my *muchacho* was wading across with me on his back, he stepped on a slippery stone. We both struck bottom before he could recover himself. As I was just as wet as I could possibly get, I waded the rest of the distance across, and hurried home to change my clothes.

After this *barrio* affair, Nicolas left us to our own devices for more than a week, while he attended to some work out on his rice plantation. Nicolas owned a farm and a nice farmhouse about two miles out of Malinao.

With nobody to arrange entertainments for us, we began again to feel dreadfully bored. The time dragged along, yet there seemed no prospects of a change. To go down to Calivo would not help matters; to go to Manila or to Capiz required more coin of the realm than any of us had at that time, for all our salary checks were overdue. We stuck it out till Nicolas came to our relief once more, with an invitation to come out to his country home for a *vacacion*. He came to town to accompany us and to show us the way.

Amelia, Nick's wife, had been at the farm several days. She welcomed us warmly as we came up the little rise leading to the house. Amelia was

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a splendid cook. She knew how to make any number of different kinds of *dulces*, the true test, according to Filipino standards, of talent in the art of cooking, since all the preparation of the substantials for the table is left to the *muchachos*. On this day, Amelia had excelled even herself. We had to partake of *dulce* as soon as we were seated. There was grated cocoanut *dulce* boiled down in brown sugar syrup until thick; young cocoanut *dulce*, the tender meat being cut into long strips and boiled in light syrup; and cocoanut jelly, something like maple wax, but difficult to make because of its tendency to sugar. Then, there were several kinds made from a sticky flour very similar to tapioca. Besides all this, there was ripe *lan-ca*, and pineapple slices boiled in white sugar syrup. There was so much passed around that we were able only to taste some of the kinds, although "*iban clase, iban clase*," another kind, tempted us to eat more than was good for us.

Exhilarated by the change of air and by the change of scene—we were high enough up to look far out over the green rice-fields checker-boarded off with mud dikes into squares, to the mountains in the distance—conversation ran high, and joking back and forth became quite spirited. Nicolas, too, entered into the fun with his mixed jargon of English, Spanish, and Visayan, a veritable potpourri of languages very amusing indeed.

It seemed as though we had barely finished with the *dulces* when dinner was announced. Amelia was a charming hostess. There was a poise about her every movement that gave to her manner a pleasing assurance and ease. She was as perfect in the art of making a guest feel entirely at home in her house, as she was skilled in the making of *dulces*. Nothing grated, nothing jarred. We were seated at a long table covered with a white cotton cloth, inexpensive to be sure, but white as the driven snow.

Our chairs were of bamboo, and one of the legs of mine got between the strips of the bamboo floor. Before I could catch myself, the chair leg slipped down, and I was precipitated under the table. Naturally, I was considerably embarrassed. Just imagine disappearing so suddenly from amongst the guests at a dining table. But Amelia was equal to the situation. With the instinct of a pastmaster in tact, she diverted the attention from me by some well-timed remark about the soup just being served. Under cover of that remark, I regained my seat, and, with it, a somewhat flushed composure.

Soup, in the Islands, rarely tempts the American palate, unless it is just plain chicken broth. Filipinos think soup lacks flavor and richness unless a spoonful of lard is added. Amelia's soup, however, was like Amelia's *dulce*, a little above the average. It was made from a boiling piece of young goat; it was thickened with rice and cubes of

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camotes, a trifle underdone. Amelia must have heard, perhaps through Mr. W., of the dislike of the Americans for greasy soups; for there was not even a suspicion of lard about the soup set before us. Broiled goat and boiled bananas came next, and, for a relish, bamboo pickle made from the young bamboo shoots. *Dulces* were passed around for dessert.

The afternoon was taken up in napping. With the coming of evening, festivities were again resumed. Nicolas had invited a score or more of his retainers, all of whom were getting along in years, to show us how they used to dance in the olden time before the American occupation. When they got started, it was fast and furious. The guitars twanged, somebody la-laed a lively march, two or three other somebodies kept up a rhythmical clap-clap in perfect time, and a half-dozen men, with their partners in front of them, circled around the room three times, arms waving in fantastic gestures and feet doing all manner of clog steps. Then, the women went to the center and the men skated off on one foot a yard or so and back on the other to the partner's side. All whirled like tops for a round or two, then did a grand march up the room and back again, stamping with bare feet as though to break in the floor; then more whirling, more circling, and more marching. It was exciting and sweat-producing just to watch them. How the dancers themselves stood

it on that warm night, I don't know. But they were all having the time of their lives.

Having drunk *tuba* all around and having investigated the inevitable betel-nut dish, they were rested and ready to go through a different kind of dance. This one was easier on them, for it was not so fast. It depended for its effect on graceful movements of the arms and legs and on snakelike undulations of the body, rather than on quick, sharp time, such as had made the other dance interesting.

The music was a funeral-like air, slow, sad, and stately. The dancers wove in and out among themselves, sometimes joining hands in the weird arm movements, sometimes going through very complicated ones alone. One could hardly prevent a shudder from running through one's frame while looking at the group; for, from the rhythmic wavings of those brown arms, there certainly radiated a strange hypnotic influence. However that may be, it is impossible to say, only I know that, as soon as the dancers stopped their contortions, our group broke into that loud-toned conversation which always follows nervous tension. The dancers had pleased us greatly; and both Nicolas and Amelia were delighted to think we had enjoyed their little entertainment.

The table was then spread for the dancers and other native guests. We ourselves were offered some *dulce*, where we sat in the *sala*, and some dried goat's liver broiled for a moment on the coals. Goat's liver



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may not sound very inviting; but we found it good to eat. We ate all the dried goat's liver there was in the house before we finished.

Round dances on the bamboo floor continued until after twelve. Then, the natives said good-night and returned to their homes. Nicolas thought it best for us to remain the rest of the night in the country. To this plan, we agreed, although we did not see where we were going to be stowed. Amelia, as usual, came to the front with an idea: a great palm-leaf mat was spread on the floor, a number of pillows were pulled out from, I don't know where, and four blankets were laid beside them. We were ready for sleep.

Early in the morning, we went back to Malinao in a much more contented frame of mind since our *vacacion*. Thus the summer passed. Every other day or so, thanks to Nicolas, there would be something on hand. A trip up a mountain of considerable height to see an immense black stone as large as a house took up one whole day. A climb up a hill gave us a splendid view of the surrounding country, so we made a number of trips to its top. Nicolas went even so far as to organize a gold-hunting expedition away up into the higher mountains a day and a half out of Malinao. Unsuccessful, to be sure, was the trip as far as finding any gold was concerned, but the journey was full of interest. nevertheless.

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As the time for the opening of school drew near, we left Malinao and returned to Calivo. We American teachers were to be together in Calivo for a two months' stay. We were to conduct a training-school for Filipino teachers.

CHAPTER XIV.

A CHANGE OF POLICY.

AT the time I and the Americans mentioned in previous chapters came to the Philippines, the work of the American teacher in a town such as Calivo consisted in instructing the most advanced class of the school for about three hours and a half in the morning, and, in the afternoon, of holding for an hour and a half a special teachers' class made up of two or three Filipino assistant teachers of the town and a few of the older ones from the morning class who seemed likely to possess ability a little above the average. This afternoon class devoted its time entirely to English. A language lesson would come first, then a reading lesson, followed by conversation on the lesson just read.

Capiz Province, at this time, had no training-school for teachers. The provincial school at Capiz was sometimes styled "The Normal School"; but it never sent out more than a few teachers, for most of its students were of a class that did not care to take up teaching as a profession. Therefore, when the Bureau of Education decided to spread education

broadcast over the land, so that the *barrios* on the little estuaries and in other nooks and corners and other out-of-the-way places might be reached and their youth receive the light of intellectual development, there was no one sufficiently prepared to trot out the torch of progress to the estuaries. The Filipino teachers in the central towns were the only ones in any way fitted for teaching, and these, of course, already had their hands full with the children already on their roll-books.

In order to fill the great demand for primary teachers, all likely pupils in each central town, and, be it said quietly, some who were not likely, were to be gathered into Calivo from the eight towns of our end of the Province, on the fifth of July, 1904, for two months' schooling. Although few of these young people had had more than a year's instruction previous to the work done in that first normal of Calivo, that two months of study, in conjunction with what they had already learned, was to make teachers out of them.

We Americans, in accordance with the new orders, were to build up schools, not only in the central towns, but in large districts composed of hundreds of square miles, with perhaps as many as forty *barrios* scattered over the area of each district. Thus it was that the American teacher became an American supervising teacher, really a superintendent with anywhere from fifteen to fifty native teachers under him,

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some in the central towns, some buried alive out on some lonely mountain, or at the source of some little stream in *barrios*, with perhaps not more than three or four houses in sight.

Besides preparing our inexperienced and poorly informed pupils for the profession of teaching, in the short space of time allotted to the first normal, we teachers in our new role as supervisors, were to go out among the different *barrios* of our several districts and to do as much as possible toward creating "school spirit and educational enthusiasm." We were to inveigle the *barrio* population by some hook or crook into seeing the benefits to be derived from having a schoolhouse in their midst, and, as far as we could, so to heighten their views of the advantages to be derived from a knowledge of English that the schoolhouses would be put up through voluntary contributions of labor and material.

Theoretically, it devolved on the American supervisor to create a desire for progress along educational lines so as to accomplish desired results in the erection of school-buildings and in the matter of enrollment and attendance; but, practically, a few of the influential Filipinos of each district were at the back of that truly marvelous growth in the enrollment of the primary grades during that first year under the new policy. The egotism of a few influential Filipinos rather than any gnawing desire for knowledge on the part of the *tao* classes in the *barrios*, was what

helped on matters educational and made the whole system of *barrio* schools possible. In every district were to be found certain feudal lords controlling whole *barrios* of people in a state, if not slavery, at least of serfdom. Even when there were no other means, these men exercised over the common people a control, largely through fear.

Much of the ability of each supervisor to increase his attendance and number of school-buildings in his district lay largely in the amount of tact with which these leaders were informed of how they might make the "I" deeply seated in the nature of every single leader, even more prominent. The ill-will of one Filipino in the central town could, and often has, blocked effectually educational interests in a whole *barrio* community, and, if the *presidente*, or mayor, of the municipality was on the "outs" with the American supervisor, or if his right to say, "I did it," "I went out to that *barrio* and I talked with the people until I made them understand how nice it would be to have a school," if his right to say this was questioned, *barrio* schools in that particular district would surely prove a failure, unless the *presidente* was too weak in influence to wreak vengeance for being deprived of the right to air his "ego."

I remember one *barrio*, a fishing village near the coast, which very strenuously fought the schools, principally because they needed their children to assist them in getting a livelihood from the sea. Theirs

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was a populous community. The prospects for a good roll-book showing were very favorable, so the American supervisor was especially anxious to add this *barrio*, with its hundred or more pupils, to his list. But he could do nothing with the people, though he tried several times to impress on the parent part of the population that, if they would only let their little ones make a beginning, they might some day be perusing Milton and Shakespeare. It was of no use. An appeal to the *presidente*, however, smoothed matters mightily. Some lever some place in the delicately-adjusted feudal mechanism was pressed. A bamboo and nipa schoolhouse was thrown up in less than a week.

Afterward, the *presidente* was heard to remark: "Yes, the supervising teacher went down there and tried to fix things up; but he could do nothing; so *I* went down." Then followed an interval of silence, during which the attentive listener paid homage to ego; for the inference as to what *I* did after *I* got on the scene of action was quite clear.

But the incident was not closed; for, although the *barrio* had built the schoolhouse because of some hidden influence, they did not want it. It interfered with their control over their children's time. One Friday night, for some veiled reason, they built a bonfire conveniently near the schoolhouse, and the whole thing went up in smoke.

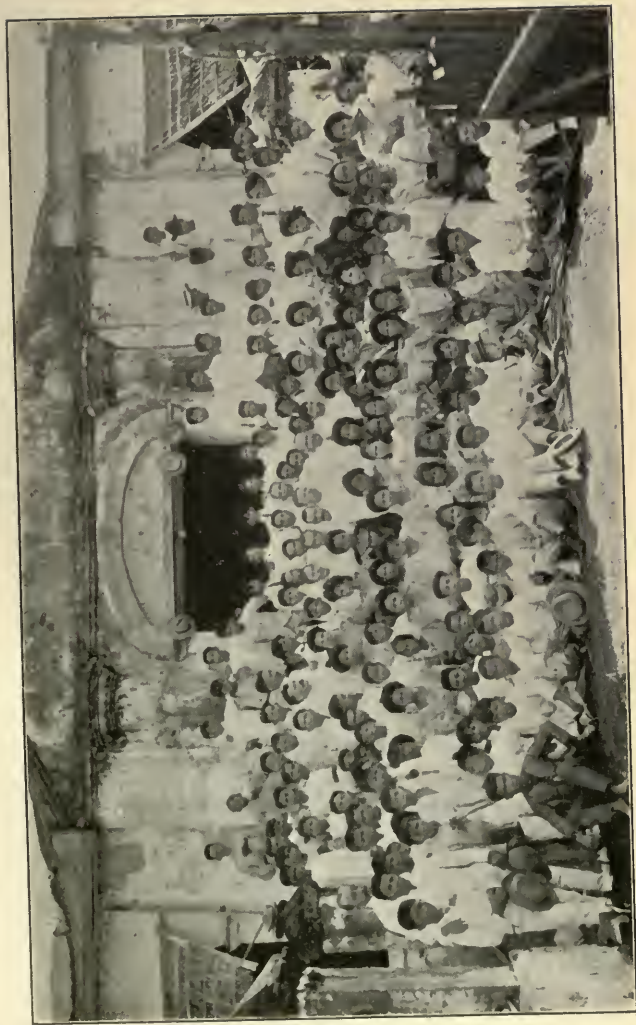
Besides arousing this "can't get along without it"

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feeling among *barrio* populations, the supervising teacher was to have charge of all books, slates, blackboards, charts, and other educational paraphernalia, and to be personally responsible for the same. This task, in a country where to sneak a book away or to conceal an eraser or a bell was considered a mark at least of cleverness, or even of genius, was no sinecure; although, it is true, a carefully kept system of cards and receipts and a shifting of property responsibility to the shoulders of native teachers did ease the situation some.

The supervising teacher was to keep in touch with all the *barrio* schools of his district by frequent visits, many times over almost impassable roads and swollen rivers. Furthermore, there were numerous reports to be made out at regular intervals.

We were still discussing the circulars setting forth our new duties when the date for the opening of the normal school came around, and it became our pleasant duty to polish off what we sincerely hoped would prove diamonds in the rough.



THE NORMAL AT CAPIZ.

CHAPTER XV.

OUR FIRST NORMAL.

AFTER three solid months of vacation, the normal opened at Calivo on the morning of July fifth. There were students from all the surrounding country. Big girls and little girls, big boys and little boys, of all ages ranging anywhere from ten or twelve to thirty-five, welcomed us as we entered the Calivo Central School-Building, in which we were going to hold the normal. As the whole group of students arose to greet us with the regulation ear-splitting "Good morning," it came home to us what a tremendous problem confronted us.

The normal was at last in session; but it could hardly be said to be in running order; for the pupils had yet to be divided into classes, and there seemed to be no standard by which one might be guided in classifying or grading them. Probably never before had a normal opened with such a mixed-up mass of intellect in attendance. There were pupils who knew a little pretty well, but were likely to prove very slow about acquiring more knowledge; there were pupils who knew next to nothing, but who looked like

quick learners; there were lazy-looking ones and studious-looking ones.

After a few days, by dint of much effort and infinite patience and tact, we got them segregated into six groups, using their knowledge of English as a basis on which to work, although, as many of them could jabber English fairly well and could do nothing else, this was not exactly a fair test of ability.

Our Class A was made up almost entirely of young people with some experience in teaching, and with attainments considerably above the average. Almost all the members of this class spoke Spanish fairly well and in arithmetic were about as far as common fractions. Some of the members of the class had attended school in Manila before the insurrection, and therefore had seen something of life outside of the Province.

The other classes were made up of girls and boys, and young men and women, in various stages of ignorance. Bright and quick, they were, and anxious to study hard so as to learn; but they had never before had an opportunity of gaining even the groundwork of an education, except the trifle picked up in some native school, or with the help of the recently-arrived Americans.

Although in no case was any *barrio* represented at the normal at a greater distance than twenty miles from the ocean, there were many pupils in these lower grades who had never been near salt water.



A CAPIZ AUDIENCE WATCHING COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES—ALL IS OUT-OF-DOORS.

OUR FIRST NORMAL.

Imagine an American child being kept from a sight of the ocean under similar conditions. I will say this for them, having once got so near as Calivo, they lost no time in finding out what the great body of salt water looked like, taking advantage of the very first Saturday to walk the mile and a half down to the beach.

There was some satisfaction in trying to teach Class A. They were very attentive, and they tried so earnestly to catch our meaning, many times expressed in sentences worded vaguely and uttered entirely too fast, as is the custom of American teachers new to the Islands; and they did wonderfully well, considering.

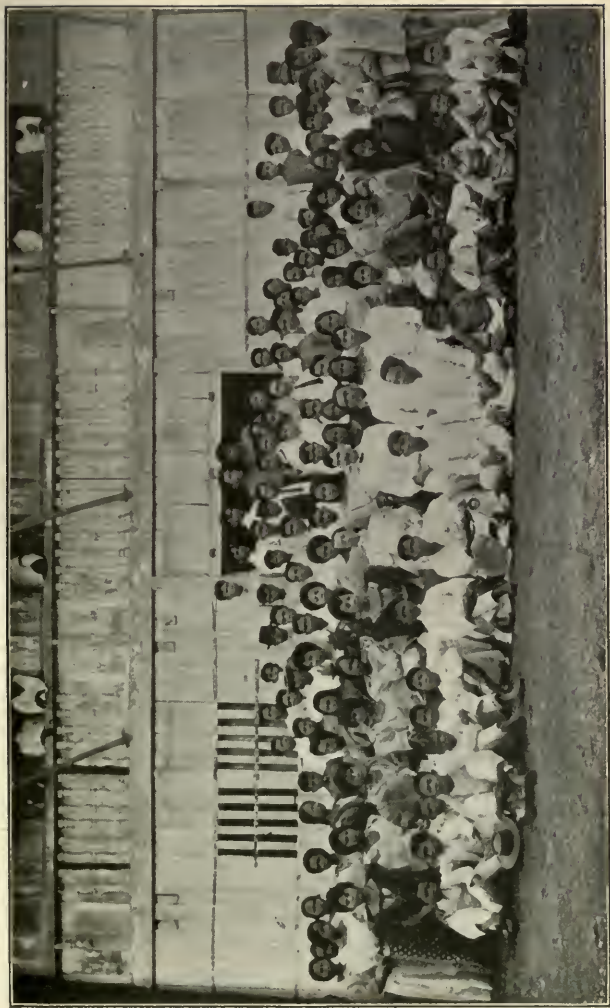
Class A was the only one that was adequately supplied with texts; all the other classes had to get along as best they could on our scanty supply of readers, arithmetics and geographies. Many of the books were issued one to every three pupils, care being taken so to issue the books as to have the joint owners all in the same house or at least in the near neighborhood, a plan not so difficult of arrangement inasmuch as many of the pupils from out of town were boarding five or six in a house.

Strict orders from Capiz came through the medium of a division circular to the effect that all classes in the normal would have to take up all subjects as recently set forth in a new course of study prepared for the Manila normal school. We had issued gram-

IN THE LAND OF THE FILIPINO.

mars, physiologies, et cetera, to Class A; but we had intended to devote the greater part of our time to arithmetic and to the imparting of a good working vocabulary in English; for those were the subjects in which our students seemed to stand most in need in order to prepare themselves to begin teaching out in the *barrios*. We had planned to have the lower classes devote most of their time to the three R's.

But the orders in the circular were not to be overlooked; so we began instilling piecemeal a little grammar and a little history, and so on, into the heads of our more or less apt pupils. With the exception of Class A, a very peculiar system of instruction had to be followed, a method, in fact, deserving of the severest adverse criticism; but there was no other way for us to do. We found it impossible to assign lessons to be read over and studied at home, for the reason that the pupils did not know enough English to be able to make head nor tail of what the lesson was about. As we simply had to teach the subjects as outlined in the aforesaid course of study, that is, to make a beginning in them, we adopted the plan of making out questions with the answers immediately beneath, on each text to be taught. Of these questions with their answers, we would write five or six on the blackboard each day. We would have them copied and explain them as far as possible. The next day, we would order all papers put away, then would ask the questions around the



STUDENTS OF THE INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL AT CAPIZ.



OUR FIRST NORMAL.

class. Of course, the system brought memory, the natural prop of the Filipino, again to the front; but there seemed to be no other way out of the dilemma.

If a question in history read: "When did Magellan come to the Philippines?" and the teacher in history was to ask instead: "In what year did Magellan reach the Philippines?" there would not be one pupil in the class that could answer, simply because they had memorized exactly all the words without perhaps understanding any of them. It was not because they could not do it. It was because the most of them had not any knowledge of the English. What American child, after having studied German a month, could take up the study of the history of the German Empire in the German language and do anything at all with it? Yet that is precisely what we had to ask our pupils to do. Still, perhaps some of the information gathered in this parrotlike fashion did cling. At any rate, they certainly gained in pronunciation during that struggle with questions and answers.

The school kept on about as it was after the first week. The scholars were gaining something, perhaps just as much as they were capable of, taking into consideration the immense stumbling-block of having to learn, not only a new language, but also a countless number of facts, all entirely new, couched in the strange tongue. A new language is in itself a study. To learn to read, to write, to speak, and to

think in somebody else's language is no easy task; add to this several other studies, all new, and one almost marvels that we progressed as well as we did with the first normal.

Our division superintendent did not get around to see us and our work that normal, though, at its close, we were all in Capiz after supplies, and so had a chance to talk over the results attained with him. He expressed himself as well satisfied with the work done. Although we argued that it would have been a wiser plan to teach straight arithmetic and vocabulary building, he still held out that, inasmuch as teachers were supposed to know history, et cetera, he was happy to think that such a decided beginning had been made. And Mr. C. smiled knowingly.

In my teaching, I had frequently to make use of the word, mean. It never entered my head that, "What does this mean?" was other than perfectly clear to everybody in the class—and it was Class A, too. But one young miss, of a mind so inquiring that, in after years, she became one of our best students, raised her hand, and, on being given permission, asked:

"Teacher, what is *mean*? We don't understand."

There was not one in the class that could tell the *meaning* of *mean*, nor could any one, even though not understanding the signification of the word, use it correctly in a sentence. When questions of Eng-



A GRADUATING CLASS AND COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES, CAPIZ.

lish came up, we dropped more weighty matters to explain as near as possible and to make all clear. How I got around that *mean*, fails to come to my memory. I did make it clear in some way, however; for I can recall that questions turning on *mean* were jerked out in all recitations for some days to come.

Not only were we handicapped in our endeavor to turn out a creditable teaching force at the end of the normal by the lack of books, blackboards, and chinks, but we also were cramped for room. As before stated, Calivo's school-building was divided into three fair-sized rooms. As we had six classes, it became necessary to have two classes in each room, and two American instructors pounding away not six feet from each other. It is really strange that there was not considerable friction among the Americans; for, if one teacher happened to be explaining something of a little more interest or perhaps a little more easily understood than the work being carried on by the other, the first teacher would get all the attention, and the other teacher would find himself not a very drawing card. The situation was a trying one, both for teachers and for pupils.

Toward the close of the normal, we received sealed examination questions from Manila, which were not to be opened until the very hour of the examination. We were all trembling in our boots, for complete failure for all our students seemed the only probable

outcome of the examination. Our pupils, too, were all excitement. They worked tremendously hard on their reviews. They did their level best to make a showing.

The examinations were given, and results justified our worst fears. Many of the papers were such a meaningless jumble of disconnected facts that no attempt at all was made to correct them. I think there were two who passed from the primary course into the intermediate. Examinations based on the teachers' training course were not given. We did not look on our work as a waste of time, even though the results of this first examination were disheartening. The pupils had learned a great deal more than they were able to write down on paper. They were, in a measure at least, prepared to take up elementary work out in the *barrios* where never a teacher had set foot before.

CHAPTER XVI.

MOVING, in the Philippines, so long as one is able to get plenty of men, is accomplished with the greatest ease. An order on the chief of police of the town will bring one any number of men one may stand in need of, provided it is not the season for working in the rice-fields; and the men will shoulder anything you want moved, even to a piano. My wants were easily complied with. Four *cargadores*—luggage-bearers—were sufficient to carry my trunk and my box to Legatic, or New Washington, if bent on having things official.

The road was nice and dry, part of the way, and, for the last two miles, sandy and not at all nice. Legatic looked about the same as on the day when, some months previous, I first set eyes on the town with its ease-loving population.

The long, sandy street by which we entered the town continued on down the peninsula as far as eye could reach, and was pretty well built up on each side with nipa shacks. The road crossing this from the boat landing, up which we had come on

that first occasion, extended on down to the beach, across the peninsula from bay on one side to open sea on the other. There were a few new houses in the place; but they were small and did not change the looks of the town to any extent.

The air from the ocean was delightful. The coconut-trees, grouped together by the hundreds all around, for the peninsula was an excellent place for cocoanuts, swished their crisp leaves coolly in the breeze. Here, in their varying stages of development from the unplanted nuts already sprouted, with bunches of green leaves poking out from their thick protecting husks, to the fully-grown mastlike giants, they did not seem such a wearying part of the landscape as when seen from a distance. Some of them looked like decorative palms and had scarcely any trunks at all.

The soil of Legatic was a loam, very heavily mixed with sand; so such a disagreeable thing as mud was never known, not even after the worst downpour of the rainy season. Legatic had one very serious drawback: there was not a board house in the town. I should have to content myself with, or rather accustom myself to, living in a bamboo house. Thanks to my extended stay in and around Malinao, I was not unfamiliar with some of the good, as well as some of the bad, features of the average shack. Bamboo floors, I knew, were very convenient on sweeping days; for all the *muchachos* would have to do would

be to sweep the dust and dirt down through the cracks. Nipa walls were just fine for letting in plenty of fresh air. But bamboo floors had a way of letting bad odors come up from below, and nipa walls never looked overly secure. Still, since there was no other way out of it, I found that I had to have a nipa house.

I chose one built where the two main streets of the town crossed. It was just a common shack, well, maybe a little better than average; but it had a clean-looking *sala* off from a little bamboo entrance porch, and there were two tiny bedrooms, a very small bathroom, and a low, and very much smoked, kitchen, with a sort of storeroom off. The owner of the house offered to let me have it for the reasonable sum of five pesos the month, provided I would let him and his two motherless sons occupy the kitchen and the storeroom. As the kitchen and the storeroom could be shut off entirely from the front part of the house, I was nothing loath, and we struck a bargain on the spot.

As a rule, in renting a house in the Philippines, the room under the house, that is, the enclosed space, does not seem to be even taken into consideration. A house-owner may rent the upper part of the house to one individual, and the lower part to another for a store or a weaving-room. All the time I lived in my Calivo house, the four looms under my *sala* floor were never for a day idle, although I had supposed

the whole house was to be mine. In Legatic, the same rule apparently held good.

I did not occupy my house that night. All I did was to put my trunk and box down in the *sala*. We were all going to Capiz to get supplies to last us through the coming term; so I did not find out about the tenant that was down-stairs until my return from Capiz.

Our stay in the provincial capital was of very short duration. The next night, rather late, we landed out on the beach instead of coming up the long bay on the other side of the peninsula. It was midnight by the time everything was taken out of the boat and stored in my *sala*. Then, we went to bed, or to floor, if one might so express it. That is where we slept, at least. I had no sleeping accommodations except a cot and a bamboo bed. The bamboo bed was not nearly so comfortable as the floor, and we could not all sleep on the cot.

As soon as we were settled down for the night, a very disagreeable odor became noticeable. It smelled like sour *tuba* or spoiled fish, or something rotten, and seemed to be coming up through the bamboo floor. But we were so tired and sleepy that skunks themselves would have had little effect on us. We were soon asleep.

The next morning, there was an investigation. A *tuba* joint, dealing in salty and in sour fish as side lines, took up one corner of the under part of my

MY NEW STATION.

house. Something happened. The store was moved to other quarters before night.

We had returned from Capiz Saturday night, so I had Sunday before me in which to lay a few plans for the opening of school Monday and in which to look around Legatic a little more.

While I was cogitating as to whether I had better wander down to the beach or had better go down to the bay side of the town around by the dock, a steamer's whistle decided me, and I set off for the landing. It was the "Suerte." She was not expected for two or three days yet; but she had a way of coming in off schedule, so nobody thought much of her making her appearance in the bay any old time. She generally put in at Capiz before coming on to Legatic; but this time was one of those occasional slips when she demonstrated that she had a will of her own. She was direct from Manila. I was sorry that my companions had left for Calivo so early in the morning. There was American mail aboard. They would have enjoyed getting it without having to wait for it to be carried up to Calivo.

Having watched the boat come in and tie up, and having looked over the mail and found nothing for myself, I strolled off toward the beach to seek consolation for my great disappointment in gazing at the blue waters of the vast Visayan sea with its mountain-islands in the distance. Up and down the beach, I walked, up and down again and again.

Toward evening, for it was a long time that I stayed on the beach, a lot of strong-limbed fishermen rowed out into the sea with a great net, yards and yards long. Then, when some distance from the land, they circled around and rowed back again. Men, women, and even children then started to pull in the two widely separated ends of the net. It was a tedious job, and they strained and tugged a long time. When they did finally get the net on the beach, there was scarcely enough in the catch to pay them for their efforts, a few large jellyfish and some small varieties unknown to me. The big bamboo fish-traps built far out into the water were far more interesting to watch; for they sometimes delivered up to their owners, baby sharks, giant rays, and many other kinds of big fish.

After I had been in Legatic some time, I investigated still another phase of fishing, deep-sea fishing. I found that, every night, a number of *varotos* left Legatic at about nine o'clock for the fishing-grounds several miles out. I inquired the time for returning to Legatic, and the men told me it was generally about four in the morning before they came back to town with their catch. A long time to sit in an open boat, certainly, almost as bad as a *varoto* trip to Capiz; but, as I wanted to see how they managed, I made arrangements with a party to set out with them the next night.

It was as dark as pitch and we had to carry a lan-

MY NEW STATION.

tern in the prow to mark our position. There was a gentle swell, which took us up hill and then down, but without any splashing. After rowing some time, we came in sight of a good many lights, grouped closely together. At first, I thought there must be a steamer lying out ahead of us; but the fishermen assured me they were lights on *varotos* such as ours. We were very near the fishing-grounds. There must have been forty or more *varotos* at that fishing-party. They were all using large steel hooks and stout lines, for the fish were all of large size; but the luck was only fair. I was afraid my boatmen would say that I had hoodooed the party; but they did not become discouraged. They stayed the usual length of time. Day was just beginning to break when I tumbled down wearily on my cot, after having made and drunk a cup of coffee to offset my long exposure to the damp air of the open sea.

Legatic was principally a fishing-town. There were no farming-lands anywhere around. The only other industry that claimed the attention of the inhabitants of the place was the making of copra from the meat of the cocoanut. This copra business was no longer new to me, for I had seen them drying the cocoanut meat for shipping, in Calivo; so the fishing having been looked into, there was nothing more of interest in Legatic except when, occasionally, the arrival of a steamer created a little bustle down at the wharf.

There was work enough in store for me on all sides.

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The school-building was a little old shack, formerly a kind of kitchen to a house in front of it, against which it leaned. It was, of course, quite inadequate. I would have to arrange for the erection of a new schoolhouse right away.

Then, the *barrio* work; the starting of schools in all the little out-of-the-way nooks and crooks of the district, not forgetting those little *barrios* on the estuaries—what a great amount of work lay before me!

BARRIO WORK.

CHAPTER XVII.

BARRIO WORK.

PERHAPS the same spirit that actuated me in venturing on such a long journey when I made up my mind to enter the teaching service of the Philippines, had not a little to do with the zest with which I took up *barrio* work. Many of the *barrios* that lay in my district had never been entered or even approached by a white man. Three or four of my *barrios* were on the mountain road joining Calivo to Capiz; but these were visited only occasionally by whites. Most Americans preferred traveling between Capiz and Calivo by boat, rather than by the rocky, up-and-down-hill path leading over the mountains.

The provincial treasurer, C., had passed through these *barrios* a few times, carrying with him considerable provincial money; and, for fear of the robbers that still infested the surrounding mountains, a guard of five or six Filipino soldiers always accompanied him. The telephone lineman, K., had also made a number of trips back and forth along the road. There were a few other travelers over the road; but the

inhabitants could hardly be said to be familiar with Americans. Although I had thought from the very first that I should be delighted with *barrio* work, the first few trips out taught me that there were many very unpleasant phases of the work, at times verging on the dangerous.

It took me several days to get my central school in Legatic under way. We had a very small enrollment, in spite of repeated *bandillos*, announcing up and down all the streets of the town the opening of class. All the parents had something for their children to do, and none of them wanted their children to stop and enter school. But I had to have a good enrollment for the census of Legatic. The census had been rather imperfectly taken a year or two before and showed some thousands in population. As the required enrollment was based on the number of the inhabitants as recorded in the census reports, I knew that I would not be classed very high on the efficiency report unless I secured a good many more young ones. I made the mistake of trying personally to interest parents in the schools. It never pays, in the Philippines, to come down any in one's official dignity. Accompanied by one of my Filipino teachers, I went to almost every house in town after school. I explained and expostulated and overworked myself beyond what was expected of me in my capacity of supervising teacher. I did build up the school to some extent, although not in any sense commensurate

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with, or equivalent to, the amount of effort I threw into the task.

It was not long before I found out that a native policeman, acting in the guise of truant officer, would do more in a day—yes, even in a couple of hours—than I could in a week of soft-toned urging. So I just jotted down on a blank space in my memory: “While in Brownland never, never urge; for you can just as well use some easier means, a whole lot more expressive and a whole lot more certain of attaining results.” I was just beginning to learn what any person in authority over the lesser parts of a system, whatsoever its character, must learn in order to obtain the highest efficiency—that is, how to make each intellect under one do its full share of the work toward making a perfect whole. After I learned the policeman’s share of the work in building up an attendance, whether *barrio* or central, I let the policeman do his proper share toward making my success.

Most municipalities at that time had ordinances for the fining of the parents of those children absent from school without valid excuse, such as sickness; and, if the fine was not paid in cash, it would have to be worked out. The law authorizing the municipalities to pass these ordinances, one from the old Spanish code, was finally declared to be no longer in effect. Some of the towns were ordered to refund any moneys collected as fines from parents, back to a certain date, the date on which the old Spanish law

was declared inactive. During most of my stay in the Islands, the law was in good working order, and smoothed over more than one rough place in school affairs that, without the law, might have caused me and many others considerable anxiety. Sometimes, I wonder if that old Spanish law will ever receive its proper due of thanks. Probably not, for many of the supervising teachers delighted in imagining that, by means of their magnetic personalities alone and unaided, they had been able to draw and to maintain a first-class attendance. There was a time, too, when certain officials, whether insular or provincial has quite slipped my mind—shall I say conveniently?—laid such stress on attendance that it is little wonder many supervisors took to themselves the credit of building up and of maintaining an enormous list of names on the pages of their roll-books. To such an extent was this attendance craze carried that a division circular was actually sent out with the slogan in large red type, underscored if I recall rightly: “Not *what* are you teaching, but how *many* are you reaching.” As though quantity could ever take the place of quality! But I remember I took another hitch in my belt, and tried to reach just a few more little ignorant Brown Brothers.

In those days, a story went the rounds, and fact it was, not scandal, of a certain town where certain scholars enrolled in a regular day-school, in a music class, and in an industrial school, were reported as

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though each class was made up of a separate set of individuals, thus padding the enrollment reports for this class three times what they should have been.

A large enrollment was something of first importance at the time *barrio* schools were started. So the little bamboo schoolhouses and those of stone were crowded to the doors, yes, to the windows, and almost to the roofs. Every foot of space, every square inch of space was utilized. A school with an enrollment of two hundred pupils or more, and an average daily attendance of one hundred and seventy-five, and all under one teacher, was nothing at all unusual; and a strict lookout was kept to see that the attendance did not fall off. It would take the native teacher about half the forenoon to call the roll and to inquire, from the friends of the absent one, just why this or that one failed to be in attendance. A list was kept of those absent, and, when no excuse such as sickness or necessary work was forthcoming, the names were reported to the American teacher, and by him to the *presidente*, the mayor of the town, so that the parents of the children might be fined.

As there is a laughable side to most things Filipino, provided one cares to look for it, this business of fines brought its amusing incidents. One day my *presidente* sent me a letter, asking me if I did not have some pupils in my district who could be fined for failure to attend school regularly. He went on to say that the grass around the city hall—*casa de muni-*

cipio—was getting so high it needed cutting, and that a few prisoners, parents unable to pay their fines, would come in quite handy to tackle the job. Unfortunately, I was out of refractory pupils just at that time, and so could not accommodate him.

To go back to *barrio* work: By Saturday night I felt that I had my central town in hand fairly well at least so as to insure a good attendance Monday morning. So I began to plan my first *barrio* trip. Ever since coming to Legatic, I had been looking forward to a trip to the *barrio*, Belete, for I had been told that it was right up in the high mountains. I had not yet learned that descriptions, as well as directions, for going anywhere or finding anything, are in the Islands always very indefinite and not to be depended on. Perhaps my imagination got the better of me, too; but some way, from what the natives told me, my mind pictured a little village built half-way up the slope of some bold peak and cut off more or less from the early morning and the late afternoon sun by mountains of real grandeur towering on all sides. I was partly justified in so imagining the setting of the *barrio*; for, from the boat-landing at Legatic, looking up the narrow bay, I could see a group of dark peaks blue in the distance and many times half buried in clouds, which to me appeared quite Alpine. I had forgotten that almost all mountains look much more imposing from a distance, unless, perchance, some really great peak, than they do at a closer view.

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At any rate, I had prepared my mind for a scenic treat, and, when Monday morning came, I was ready, bright and early, for the start. My five *varoto* men had supped and slept at my house the night before, so there was no delay in getting off, as there would have been otherwise. As I look back, it seems to me that this was the first time in my Island experience that I had shoved off into the current at the hour, yes, even the minute, previously set. There were other delays, however. I knew it would be impossible to get through a journey without having to wait somewhere along the line. We were not very far out when first one and then another and then another of my oarsmen broke the banana fiber rope that bound the oars to sticks stuck at intervals along the sides of the *varoto*, the native oar-locks. This left me with one man at his oar, and the man at the stern with the steering paddle had to spend fully half his energy rowing, in order to be able to make the boat go straight.

It did not take so very long to put in a new bunch of fiber around the oar and its stick; but the fiber kept breaking every so often, thus affording to each oarsman intervals of rest from rowing while getting ready a new hank of fiber for the oar-lock. I had seen the same performance before on my trips to Capiz; but, inasmuch as we Americans always kept talking whenever we were not dozing or bailing, I had not noticed what the men were about. On this

trip, being alone, I gave more thought to the number of times the oars had to be retied with the fiber. It dawned on me that they used an inferior grade of fiber, partly rotten, on purpose to have an opportunity to rest from rowing while repairing the rope oar-lock. Careful investigation revealed the fact that, when a mishap might likely occur from an oar becoming useless at a critical moment, such as when out on a heavy sea, nothing ever broke in spite of the fact that, at such times, the strain on the fiber locks would be tremendous. The *varoto* men knew better than to seek to rest in a heavy sea. As we Americans gained in experience, we always saw to it before starting that the *varoto* oar-locks were supplied with new braids of the stoutest fiber procurable.

We wound in and out among nipa palms to the occasional snapping of the rope oar-locks. It looked as though we were in a river, but we were not. I could tell by the nipas that we were in tide-water. Nipas never grow away from salt water. Now and then, one of my men would dip down and pull up a handful of seaweed, sort of slippery, slimy-looking stuff, which they said they were going to eat on arriving at Belete. I thought to myself, if we ever get there. The trips to Capiz had been bad enough with American companions to converse with; this traveling alone was almost crazing.

The only thing of interest during that whole trip

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of six hours, besides the nipa palms—some people might have found them interesting, though, as for myself, I had already seen enough of their shiny green—the only thing that attracted my attention was a salt factory; and I shall always feel as though I owed the English language an explanation for having called this tumble-down place a factory. There was a very small shack, smaller even than most shacks. It was set up on stilts and mounded up with earth in order to keep it above high tide. Here in this little dirty place they evaporated barrels of the salt water around them into strong, hard cakes of salt. I did not stop to find out just how they did it; but they used heat to accelerate the evaporating process. They marketed almost all their product in Calivo. And their by-products, I presume, went to help to form the clouds.

There was something else that caught my eye on that never-ending trip; for a moment it had slipped my mind. As we neared Belete, we passed a house on a rise of ground above the nipa swamps. A man sat on the little bamboo porch across the front. One of his legs was normal, but the other one was swelled to a sickening size. It actually made me creep to look at it, so unnatural and so offensive did it seem. It was a bad case of elephantiasis, I afterward learned. I never want to see any one else similarly afflicted.

Belete, the mountain town of my dreams, lay be-

fore me. It was not built on the mountainside, and there were no peaks around it, although there were several fair-sized hills covered with a bushy growth of trees, few of which could be called large. I inquired for the house of the *consejale*, councilor. I thrust myself on him as Americans in the Islands have to do, not in their official capacity as representatives of the government, but just as ordinary teachers; and may I add, there are those who, while still unaccustomed to life in the Islands, are quite as delicate about turning a Filipino's house into a sort of improvised hotel as they would be about putting the house of an American in the States to their own use. That is one of the unpleasant necessities connected with *barrio* work, though some, of course, did not mind. The supervising teacher enters a *barrio* for the first time. He knows nobody, nobody knows him. He goes unannounced to the house of the *consejale*, or perhaps to the house that, in his estimation, looks more likely to be best prepared for the entertainment of visitors. He goes up the bamboo steps—in *barrios*, even the steps are of bamboo—and, with a "*tag balay*"—hello, the house—a phrase he has memorized perhaps with some difficulty, he enters, shakes hands with perhaps a very unwilling host, and proceeds to make himself welcome. How well he succeeds depends largely on the amount and quality of his tact.

This is all as it should be, of course; for a differ-

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ent standard of hospitality from that of America holds good in the Philippines; moreover, the American is, or should be, honoring the house in which he elects to eat and rest, just by his presence. There are few in the States, living in districts far from hotels or on lonely roads, who would not consider themselves honored if a belated governor or a belated man of any station in society, provided only that he was of gentlemanly conduct and bearing, should ask to stay the night with them. Surely, the American occupies a plane sufficiently high in every respect always to be a welcome guest, particularly if, on departing, he leaves silver jingling in the palm of the host. Yet many Americans—I won't say all, for there are always a few who have no qualms about sponging—feel a certain delicacy about the way they have to make room for themselves.

When I had seated myself in the *consejale's sala*, I looked at my watch, and, seeing it was already a quarter past one, I arranged to have an easily prepared dinner, rice and eggs, put on to cook; then I laid plans for the school. I had brought with me in the *varoto*, a blackboard, a chart, a bell, a few primers, and some chalk. My teacher, a pupil from our Calivo normal, was already in the *barrio*, according to instructions; so we immediately sent out a *bandillo* that school would open at two-thirty. As a special inducement to be present, I added to the usual notice for the opening of schools, the clause, in Visa-

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yan, of course, "Books limited. Come early and get a book."

The school was to be held in a large vacant house put up as a city hall in the palmy days of Belete, when she had hopes of blossoming out into a full-fledged municipality, with a *presidente* of her own. The building had never been completed, for the *barrio* people would not finish it when they found that Belete was too small to have a *presidente*. There were, therefore, a good many places in the bamboo floor that had never been rattaned down, and the nipa siding in several places had never been put on.

When I and my native teacher appeared at the top of the bamboo stairway, the assembled children and a few fully grown children, who had come to watch proceedings, stood up and said, "Good asternoon, teachers," though some of them got it, "Good morning, teachers." They were a trifle uncertain as to the proper translation of the Visayan, *ma ayung-hapon*.

As I looked on these thirty or forty children perched rather unsafely on the insecure bamboo floor, with a broad streak of afternoon sunlight shining through the unfinished nipa siding full on the group, lighting them up as though with a lime-light and making them wink and blink in a manner most comical, I thought to myself: "What is the use of trying to do anything in such a place and with such few

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school supplies?" But the children's eyes flashed in expectation of great things to come, and their bright eyes shone with a whole-hearted desire for knowledge; so I spruced up my professional enthusiasm as best I could, and started in to get that school on a good working basis.

I had my *varoto* men, who tagged me around all the time for fear I would do something they had not seen me do before, fasten the blackboard to the wall and string up the chart to a bamboo cross-piece, while my teacher and myself took the names of the pupils and issued the books.

Every time I made toward the group on the floor to get a closer view of my prospective scholars, several of the young ones were sure to set up a howl. One child came near tumbling through a hole in the floor, it became so frightened when I wandered over in its direction.

After a while, things were quieted down, and all the names were written with pencil in the roll-book. Then we began teaching. I started the work. I wanted my teacher to begin his teaching at the bottom and not attempt to teach his scholars what he himself had just been studying in the recent normal at Calivo. I had heard of Filipino teachers in central towns starting little tots on: "What is a verb?" and the multiplication tables.

We lined them up in front of the gayly illustrated chart. Then, I took a piece of the ever-useful bam-

boo for a pointer and placed it on a bright red apple, which formed a part of the first lesson of the chart. We were using charts prepared for use in American schools, so apples and other American fruits were some of the things pictured in vivid yellows, reds, and greens, on the pages of the chart. I started in with the apple. Turning to the class, I said:

"Say apple."

When I struck the chart to indicate that I wanted them to recite, every child all along the line said: "Say apple."

It was laughable. I had a great deal of difficulty in making them understand that "say" was not a part of the apple. They seemed to think it a Siamese twin combination, impossible to separate.

Some years afterward there was a pupil in one of my *barrio* schools, a dear little girl, too, with snappy black eyes. Every Saturday she would pass my windows on her way to market. She was a formal little thing, much overburdened with childish dignity. I used to watch for her to pass, and I always said to her pleasantly:

"Good morning. Where are you going?" and she would respond without the slightest indication of a smile on her serious little face:

"Good morning. Where are you going?"

That class in Belete labored a long time trying to learn that they must not take the words right out of the teacher's mouth.

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By the time I finished my work in Belete it was five o'clock. I began to fear that I should have to stay all night; but some thoughtful individual had seen to getting a chicken and some rice ready, so I just took it all along with me in a basket of woven bamboo, and set off right away for Legatic. It was after one o'clock in the morning when I reached home, cramped and stiff from sitting so long in the *varoto*, and somewhat disillusioned as to the enjoyment to be found in *barrio* work.

Before the close of the month I had five new *barrio* schools in good running order. All of these I visited regularly, overseeing the instruction given in each school, attending, as far as I could, to the furnishing of supplies, arranging suitable programs, and trying to help the native teachers in every way I could. Surely, the life of an American supervising teacher was, and still is, far from an easy one.

At times, *barrio* work is pursued under conditions dangerous in the extreme. During the rainy season many of the rivers in the Islands swell to such a size that to attempt to cross them is almost suicidal. Sometimes the work takes one out on treacherous stretches of ocean, only slightly rough at first, churned into dashing waves all of a sudden without the slightest warning. In Capiz Province, however, although the rivers and the sea were not always to be depended on, there was never any danger from the people themselves. They were always friendly and

easily managed. This fact made my *barrio* work quite free from the slightest fear. I have been on many a lonely mountain trail all by myself, sometimes late at night; I have traveled all alone, except for my luggage-bearer, who might happen to keep up with my native pony, or who might happen to be a long way behind me, all alone, where never a white man had ever set foot; but never did I feel the least bit of fear, although I never went any place armed or prepared in any way to protect myself. It has been said, and with a great deal of truth, that an American in Capiz Province need never fear violence while traveling about, except from an intoxicated Filipino with a *bolo*. Because of that remote contingency, many of the Americans never went out anywhere unless armed to the teeth, a la pirate.

While I was still in Legatic, the last robber of any note in Capiz Province was captured up in the mountains near Belete by the constabulary. He was brought down to Legatic and confined there under strong guard, while the party of native scouts and their American commander rested before going on to Capiz. I had an opportunity, therefore, of seeing one of the *ladrones*, as they are called even by the Americans. He was a ferocious-looking specimen, and, while at liberty, must have been quite formidable; for they took six revolvers of modern make off his person. Such a one as he would have made any road dangerous; but such as he were rarely heard of

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in the Province of Capiz even in the early days. With this last capture brigandage ceased entirely.

Although one might, by carefully planning the time of *barrio* trips, evade flooded rivers and rough seas, various petty annoyances were always a part of every trip. Once during the rainy season, when the roads, especially to out-of-the-way *barrios*, were perfect seas of mud, I undertook to visit a *barrio* that had not received my attention for several weeks. The *barrio* was on the edge of a mangrove swamp, and the road to it was low and muddy, and very much overgrown with tall grass, towering far above my head even as I sat on my horse. Progress on horseback through the mud was painfully slow; for the horse could scarcely pull his hoofs out of the sticky clay, and, once, he got so mired that I had to dismount on a little hump of drier ground at one side, in order to let the horse pull himself loose. I should have turned back, but I did not. I kept on, disliking to give up the trip as a bad job. I was hours getting over that few miles of road. By the time I had rested a little and had eaten my meal of rice and eggs, it was time for the afternoon class.

My teacher usually had only the larger pupils in the afternoon; but I told him to send word to all pupils within easy reach and we would go through the whole program. School opened with "My Country," sung in various keys, both major and minor; for my teacher was somewhat tone deaf; and

it closed with a reading lesson by the most advanced class. I sat there after my morning's experience with mud and tall grass, sweaty and very uncomfortable, but trying my best to find out what the school had been doing since my last visit.

We dismissed at five. As it would be dark by six, I could not think of going back over that awful, awful road until the next day, although, before morning came, I almost wished I had. My teacher's house was very small, indeed, and was without any comforts, not even those that one generally finds at least in some of the houses of a *barrio*. They did have one dinner plate; but there was not a knife, fork, nor spoon, nor a tumbler, in the whole *barrio*. I had to eat with a piece of bamboo cut into the form of a paddle, and, for drinking, of course, I had young cocoanuts. There was no way of lighting any of the houses except by the little cocoanut-oil lamps, which give about as much light as candles. I wanted to borrow a coal-oil lamp somewhere, so that I could go over with my teacher a few of the lessons in the different text-books; but there was not a single lamp in the whole *barrio*.

Since we could not do anything, I went to bed early, but not to sleep. Never have I passed such a night. Mosquitoes of a most murderous variety, far worse than those of Manila, pestered the life out of me, so that I could not stand it any longer. I had the people build a smudge under the house to stupefy

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the mosquitoes, and, as a result, I myself came near suffocating. It was nip and tuck between the smudge and the mosquitoes to see which could annoy me the more. I said I never again would travel, even when I fully expected to return home before nightfall, without my mosquito net and blankets. Thereafter, my suitcase with the net and blankets always went with me wherever I went.

Then, in *barrio* work, there were always places along the roads or trails difficult to get over. On the road to one of my *barrios*, there was a narrow gully with banks that dropped straight down, so that nobody could get a horse down and up the other side. The gully, although narrow, was yet too wide to permit of a horse jumping over. The *barrio* people had thrown a couple of cocoanut logs across the place as a footbridge for themselves; but I used to lead my pony across, too, although I knew it to be risky.

One day, after I had almost brought my pony through his tight-rope performance, and I myself was already on the opposite bank, reins in hand, the cocoanut logs separated, and the pony straddled one of them with his hind legs. By some means he had managed to get his fore feet up on the bank. He was a nervy little creature. He exerted himself and tried his best to get his hind feet up on the bank. He succeeded at last, but he was considerably wrenched. I did not dare ride him for some time.

Bridges over the entire province could be depend-

ed on to be in the worst possible condition. One could take his choice of running the risk of breaking his pony's legs in crossing over the bridges, or of getting half drowned in a mud-hole in attempting to cross at a ford higher up. I remember one bridge where every other plank was out. My pony, in crossing, had to exercise the greatest precision in placing his feet in order to avoid a fall. But such a bridge could never be crossed in wet, slippery weather.

Barrio work, for all its discomforts and dangers, nevertheless was fascinating employment. I was always glad when *barrio* schools were in session, and always more or less at a loss when they closed for the long vacation.



THREE AMERICAN CHILDREN AND A NATIVE TEACHER.



THE HEIGHT' OF FASHION.

THE CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CHILDREN.

FILIPINO children—I refer to the children of the poor, to the *barrio* children; for it was this class with which I came in contact in my work as a supervising teacher—generally impress one as being children only in stature. They all have very old heads on their shoulders. Seemingly whatever they do, is done with as much confidence and assurance as though a more mature intellect were directing their movements. They comport themselves with as full a realization of their own importance as do any of the grown-ups of the *barrio*. They are mentally equal to any task that their arms and legs are strong enough to perform. The mind, in fact, seems always to be nagging the muscles for not being able to accomplish the work planned for them to do.

The children are so serious, so apparently burdened with the cares and responsibilities of this life, so bent on doing their full duty, that they rarely smile. I have been in *barrio* schools where every little boy behaved like a miniature Solomon, and every little girl like a vestal virgin. To be sure, the

mere presence of an American in a *barrio* school would bring about order, that is quiet; but I do not refer to quiet in speaking of the behavior of school children; for, in the early days of *barrio* work, a school might be noisy and yet orderly, inasmuch as each little brown child would be studying his or her lesson fixedly, though audibly, without trying to play with, or to interfere with, any other little brown child near at hand. So I believe that *barrio* schools are as orderly, though not nearly so quiet, during the time a good Filipino teacher has charge as when the American supervisor pays his visit of inspection. The very seriousness of the children tends toward order.

I have watched these children at recess, and, although a few boisterous ones would give vent to their glee at being out in the air, the most of them would be very sedate and dignified about their play. Many of the girls and boys would not play at all. They would wander off down toward the market to buy a penny's worth of some kind of rice cake or a roasted *camote*, or banana. At the close of school, straight home they would go, for fear their mothers might require their services to care for baby or for some other equally important task.

Dear little brown children, what a pity they have to grow up and lose their engaging, though unchild-like, characteristics! It is probable that, because these qualities are lost in later years, the children present such capable shoulders to the world. Per-

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haps, if there was more stability of character among the older people, the children would not be so well advanced in the knowledge of how to take care of themselves. It is not natural for children to have so much self-possession.

The parents of poor children are a pretty shiftless set. The father will sit by the hour hanging out of a window of his shack, a package of cigarettes within easy reach, and a lighted one constantly in his mouth. He will sit there and smoke and spit, and spit and smoke. Perhaps he will get up enough energy to twang his guitar a little; but, more likely, he will not grow musical until later in the evening, after the *tuba* has been passed around a few times.

The mother of the household, while away from home, is a valuable member of the community. She works very hard during the rice-planting and during the harvesting. Many times these mothers trudge miles to the village markets to make a few cents by trade. But just as soon as the mother comes home, she is about as "doless" as her lord and master. She lolls on the floor with a cud of betel-nut oozing red saliva from her mouth, until *tuba* time. After a glass or two, she is ready to chime in with the guitar in a shrill, unmusical treble.

So the child, returning home from school, or sitting around the house, is compelled to do a great share of his own scrambling for food, besides being pressed into service as a handy man to wait on his

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illustrious parents. In many a native household, a boy or a girl of eight or ten is about the most important piece of humanity around the shack. With so much thrust on them, they naturally develop mannerisms that seem to us precocious. But, as the years roll on, they themselves grow up to laze and smoke, and, in their turn, to bring into the world grave little grandfathers and grandmothers.

I have seen little tots not more than five years old sit all morning long knotting together lengths of pineapple fiber for use in the looms. I have seen children of seven or eight cooking their dinners of rice and fish for themselves and for their little brothers and sisters, while their parents were lying on the floor asleep. Many a time have I seen children at work that one would think they could not possibly have either the strength or the patience ever to finish.

A very tiny child, struggling along from the river with a great bamboo tube full of water, is of everyday occurrence; and, every market-day, there are many children helping along with the work and proving of valuable assistance, too. So it is that the numerous crosses these little children have to bear begin early in life to line themselves on their little faces.

The manner in which these children dress corresponds in every way with the grown-up look on their faces. They dress exactly as do their parents.

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The little misses come marching along to school attired in cotton print skirts made en train, the train being generally pulled up and tucked in at the belt, and banana-cloth waists with *pañuelo* arranged around the shoulders like a Queen Elizabeth ruff. The little men come out in long trousers, when they can afford them, and little banana-cloth shirts worn outside. Shoes are seldom worn by this class of children, nor by their parents. Once or twice a year, even these poor people indulge in foot-gear, and, when they do, the results are astonishing. One can imagine a man used only to walking barefoot, trying to get along in a pair of shoes very much too large for him, or very much run over at the heel. And the children, what crimes are perpetrated in order to incase their feet in shoes!

A church holiday or the patron-saint day of the town brings all the youngsters from the surrounding *barrios* into the central pueblo. They all attend church in shoes too long, shoes too broad, new shoes bought large enough to permit of their being used for several years to come, second-hand shoes about worn out, borrowed shoes, and even stolen shoes. But they have shoes to wear to church in style and are content. '

Although the big boys and girls have to bear a large share of the burdens of life, the infants are coddled and petted and exhibited and boasted of as though born to the purple. The family will live

for weeks before and after a birth on the cheapest sort of fare, which in the Islands means leaves of various varieties, some fungus growths and banana blossoms, with only a scanty supply of rice and no fish, so that they can buy a pretty little baptismal robe and a much-beribboned baptismal cap, and so that they can give a large baptismal party at the *barrio* home.

The father walks along to the church, carrying the few days' old infant in his arms; the mother walks at his side, carefully protecting the child from the sun with her umbrella; and then come the *padrino* and the *madrina*, and any of the *barrio* people that care to witness the ceremony. The church-bells clang a certain number of times, according to the price paid; for the bells are rented out at so much a clang; the priest does his share of the ceremony; the little one leaves the church burdened with such a name as Consalacion or Ignorancia or Leopoldo or Gregorio. Then, the parents and the godfather and godmother return home to the *barrio*, and with any one who cares to drop in casually; for everybody is welcome. Dancing is in order, and a feast that would grace the board of a native of much fatter purse is set before the assembled company. It is too bad that a child whose life begins with so much good cheer and so much rejoicing should, after a few years of overpetting and overindulgence, be neglected and many times really abused.

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After the period of baby-worship is over, it is the rule with parents of the poorer classes to apply the rod vigorously and unstintedly on many occasions when, to an American onlooker, there would seem scarcely any provocation. Then follows the period of unnatural maturity of judgment. Some parents, on the other hand, even though poor and ignorant, are hard-working and respectable. They love their offspring, not with a passing and passionate enthusiasm, but with a lasting and sane affection.

One day, such a father came to my house to get a little medicine for his sick child. He knew that I had medicine, and that I, in some minor illnesses, doctored the sick. The man was completely untaught; he could not even write his own name; but he was of a splendid type, tall and straight and bright of eye, not one of the *tuba*-drinking, cigarette-smoking type at all. He told me in the native talk, which by that time I understood perfectly, and with tears in his eyes, that he had lost three children, that he did not know how he was going to stand it if the little one at home, sick, was taken. That man really and truly loved his children.

CHAPTER XIX.

DIVERSIONS.

ALL Filipinos are inveterate gamblers. All love the exhilaration that comes from risking hard cash on the outcome of a card-game. All, men and women, public officials and priests, even boys and girls, look on gambling as one of the most delightful ways of spending an hour or two, a whole afternoon, or a cool, quiet evening and night. Therefore, I rank gambling as occupying first place among Filipino pastimes.

In most cases, gambling offers nothing more nor less than a pleasant means of whiling away the time. It rarely ever sinks to the level of a vice, as it does with Americans who seek thus to interest themselves. The only moral objection one could raise against the practise is that those playing might be more profitably employing their time. Even such an objection might open the way for lengthy discussion and argument. One contending from the standpoint of the Filipino might put the query, and with reason, too: What is to be done with the time when people can't read and are so tired they can't work? In a

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country where there is so little with which to divert one's self, what is one to do?

Personally, taking everything into consideration, country, climate, intellectual attainments of the people, and the torpid manner of living, I don't think gambling in the Philippines, except in some extreme cases, and these are far from being the rule, a flagrant evil. I would much rather see a half-dozen men engaged in a quiet game of cards exerting their intellects in the struggles to get the best of every other one present than to see the same men each in his own home smoking and spitting out the window. Yet that is just about what they would all be doing. In the Philippines, even the industrious ones among the inhabitants can not always be busy; for most of their work lies in the rice-fields and is confined to the planting and the reaping seasons.

Then, Filipinos are such stoics about losing. When they lose, their feelings do not get greatly stirred up; their blood does not stand still in their veins with remorse; there are no suicides and no moral wrecks. They accept all with the perfectly even temper of fatalists. They go their several ways at the close of a game, troubling no one, nor troubling themselves with doubts and fears. I have known a Filipino to lose a house and lot without having his equilibrium disturbed in the least. I refer to his mental balance, not to the financial side of the question, though that probably would not trouble him

much either; for, having lost his home, he would be content to abide beneath the shade of the palms or any old place in out of the wet.

During the first part of my stay in Legatic, whenever I went *varotoing*, I generally used the municipal-treasurer's *varoto*, a very neat one indeed, new and fitted with a canvas top and with a bamboo platform inside, on which one could lie down. One day, the treasurer told me that the *varoto* was going over to Capiz. He continued:

"Whenever any of my friends come over from Capiz and see anything they want, they always ask for it, and, of course, I can't refuse. Now, that *varoto* has to go over."

I lamented greatly the fact that I would no longer have a nice boat for my trips; there was not another one in Legatic like that one. At the same time, I jotted down somewhere in one of my notebooks: "Generosity in some of the natives is developed almost to the point of insanity."

Well, it was some time before the wind blew the other way around and disclosed the whys and the wherefores, as it always will if one only gives it time. The treasurer, it transpired, had met with *mal suerte* in Capiz and had staked the *varoto*. He lost. I had to tear out a whole page from my notebook on: "All is not Brown that's Brownish." My notes of Filipino generosity were of no value after the dénouement.

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The children gamble with pennies, which they flip dexterously in a sort of bred-in-the-bone fashion. They have shells, which they throw into a circle. Although I can not say just how they tell who wins, money changes hands some place along the line.

For grown people, there are two card-games that take front rank in gambling games. They are *monte* and *pan-gingue*. The former is played for much larger stakes than is the latter, and is, therefore, considered the game for men, though women with money do sometimes play it. A *pan-gingue* game may start at any hour, whenever three or four or a half-dozen females take into their heads that they want to try their hands at an attempt to get something away from somebody: the very same breed of palm-itching, I dare say, that comes to some of our factory promoters in the States when they start out to sprinkle profit broadcast over the heads of their gullible neighbors and water the stock instead.

It is an innocent little game, I mean the game of the brown women. The stakes are usually small; the players rarely lose much. They may, and many times do, begin about noon after their early dinner, play until time for supper, then begin again for a night session.

Monte is especially a game for the cool of the evening. Although I do not know how it is played, I do know that the game rarely takes up until eight in the evening, and, from then on, it may continue

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until the wee small hours, or until broad daylight, with an agreement to hold forth again the coming night. The *Padre* is very often an active member of one of these select little card-parties, and he generally goes home an extremist; that is, he will be either a pretty heavy loser or a big winner.

Next to the card-game as a means of putting currency into circulation comes the cockpit and the cock-fight. All Filipino towns and many of the *barrios* have their cockpits just as we of the States have our opera-houses, and for much the same reason, solely that the populace may have some place to go where they can be amused.

A large bamboo structure will be erected with rows of seats one above the other, so that all spectators may have an unobstructed view of the open space in the center, which is the stage of the bloody little theater. The feathered fighters enter with knives tied to the place where the spur grows. Then commences a winged gladiatorial combat. There is a great deal of excitement among the lookers-on, and betting on the result of the fight runs high. Every time one or the other of the angry birds is downed, there is a perfect uproar in the pit, a stamping of feet, a clapping of hands, and loud-voiced remarks on the progress of the one seemingly about to gain the victory. The battle does not last long. The knife fixes things for one or the other of the cocks before many rounds. Then, a new set of fighters

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is brought out to fight, bleed, and die, and to be argued over and bet over. I attended only one cock-fight. There is something so cruel, so sickening, about it all that I never cared to go again.

There are those who might contend that dancing takes precedence over gambling as a diversion in the Philippines. It is, in truth, perhaps more popular than gambling; but, because of the expenses connected with giving a dance, it does not help the Filipino to pass away the time nearly so readily as does gambling.

A *senora* can invite six or seven in for a game of *pan-gingue*. They arrive, seat themselves on the bamboo floor, mix a portion of their favorite cud, the betel-nut, and are hard at it within five minutes. After a while, the *muchacho* of the house comes in with a plate of rice cakes or some baked bananas. The players stop long enough to nibble at the refreshments; then, they go on with their playing. When it comes home-going time, they thank their hostess warmly and tell her what a fine time they have had, as indeed they have, and with little expense or trouble.

A dance is quite a different matter. Unless the affair is very informal, or unless the house in which it is given is that of a poor family, for poor families will give dances, the preparations for the feeding of the guests involves labor and the expenditure of money. A goat or two must be butchered, rice in

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large quantities must be cooked, *dulces* of several varieties must be made, and coffee must be provided. The guests at such an affair will number close to a hundred. There must be enough so that all will have plenty.

The unusual amount of oil required for such a function is in itself an item. Except when giving a "blow out," Filipino families, even of the better classes, get along with as little light as possible. One lamp, turned low, in the *sala*, and one or two, of the cocoanut-oil variety like as not, are all that are considered necessary for every-day life. So when the family sets out to give a fine party, far beyond the usual sum of money has to be expended in the purchase of oil. On these flare-out occasions, they will have one large lamp or several small ones hanging in the *sala*, two or three in the dining-hall, one in the bedroom, and one to light the stairs and the entrance. One can not have so much light and so much food without spending money.

Informal dances in towns such as Calivo rarely occur oftener than once a week; formal affairs, where regular banquet suppers are provided, do not take place more than a few times a year, when some public official, such as the Provincial Governor is present, or when somebody from Manila comes down. I am referring, of course, to the social events of what might be called the "upper ten."

In the *barrios* and on the outskirts of the larger

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towns, virtually *barrios*, dancing is much more indulged in; for nothing is served except *tuba* and betel-nut. For *barrio* people, there is little trouble and even less expense about keeping up in society. Moreover, gambling at a dancing party making any pretensions to style, always plays its part in a room off from the *sala*, where, gathered around a large table, sit the mammas of the young *senoritas*, whiling away their time at cards, while those of lighter feet and more sylphlike form are tripping to and fro across the polished floor of the *sala*.

We Americans look on fishing and hunting as diversions. I have known many a Filipino to go fishing, and I have known two or three to go hunting; but I never knew or heard of one doing either purely for the sport connected with it. It was always because they wanted to add a change to their diet of rice and salt fish, not because they expected to see other than hard work in the undertaking.

We of America are fond of flowers, and glean not a little enjoyment and recreation from tending to them. I could count on the fingers of one hand the Filipinos whom I knew who cared for flowers, or who seemed to take in any of their beauties. Only a few of them know or care to know anything about even the flowers native to the country. Many of the *barrio* folk would be unable to name the flowers growing along their mountain trails, even in their own language, if one asked them.

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Some of my early morning trips on horseback took me over a certain road through the hills, along which grew the moonflower vine, with its fragrant white blossoms still fully expanded in the dim light just before sunrise. I knew immediately what it was, and watched the vines until some of the seeds ripened. Then, I procured some of them and planted them beneath my windows, so that they would grow up and shade the house.

They grew luxuriantly. After they got well up to the living-room floor, I began to see that my vines were causing the natives in passing by to remark on the oddity of my taste in wanting such enormous vines twining up over my windows. They had found out the name of the vine, though, at first, many of them did not know what it was. To them, vines were very ordinary things, indeed; for they grew wild by the hundreds out on all the trails. Strange to say, hardly any of the people had ever seen a moonflower in bloom. When mine opened up their showy flowers, those who saw them were amazed. Part of the vine grew through a hole in the side of one of my rooms. It blossomed inside the house and was very much admired.

For young people, moonlight evenings during the dry season bring with them the opportunity to go on serenading jaunts up and down the village streets, singing beneath the houses of the different *senoritas* of the town. Such parties often last until two or

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three o'clock in the morning, and are very much enjoyed both by those doing the singing and by those listening in the open, moonlighted windows.

CHAPTER XX.

SAINT-DAY PARTIES, REQUIEM SUPPERS, WEDDINGS.

EVERY Filipino, in the Christian provinces, on the day of baptism, takes the name of some one of a long list of saints who, from that time on, is to be his patron, protecting him and guiding him over life's troubled way until the end. Each saint has one day of the year set aside in his especial honor, although sometimes they have to double up, either because there are not enough days to go around, or because there are too many saints that need to be accommodated; and, on this day, all children and grown-ups who cling to this particular saint as their patron, celebrate by entertaining lavishly, or by passing around among the assembled guests, roasted bananas or *camotes*, according to the amount of money within reach at the time. Quantities of whatever kind of refreshments they intend serving have to be made ready; for whoever cares to drop in to offer congratulations, and, if there is dancing, to enjoy a waltz or two, is perfectly welcome.



BOGOL, A FAITHFUL FILIPINO.

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This happy custom of entertaining on saint-days insures a perpetual round of parties, with the exception of the latter part of the Lenten season; for there is a saint for every day in the year, and an extra one to do duty on the twenty-ninth of February, besides those that manage to ring in on some other saint's section of the calendar. The really wealthy Filipinos plan to entertain royally when the saint-days of the members of their families come around; but the poorer ones do as best they can.

Sometimes, one will see some lazy crone humped up in the sun outside her shack, chewing at her betel-nut, looking the very picture of contentment, as though she did not care whether she ever moved another muscle or not. An inquiry as to why the loom stands neglected, will elicit nothing more than the languid reply:

"Acong dias, Senor." "My saint-day, Senor."

For these saint-day parties, no invitations are ever sent out; those belonging to the same social set are considered invited as a matter of course. It sometimes happens that a hostess is put out if certain ones fail to call at her house on her *dias*. It is considered almost a duty for all friends to come and wish the one for whom the party is being given many happy returns of the day.

In some towns, there may be a daughter in each of three or four prominent families laboring under the same given name. In the same town, there may

be three or four Rosarios, all of them belonging to the same social circle, and all of them sufficiently rich to be able to give saint-day parties. In such a case, many of those who attend will visit each house in turn, so as not to offend any of the hostesses.

Saint-day parties are usually given for women and girls; but, sometimes, a man, pretty well up in the world, will celebrate his *dias* each year as conscientiously as though it was a religious duty.

A saint-day party in a home of wealth is identical with any formal dancing party. Only there is a little more jollity, perhaps, and a freer hospitality than at a straight-backed formal affair, where everybody is trying to show every other body in the room that they are the very pink of dignity and know-how-to-do-it-all.

Some unfortunates are named for saints whose days occur in or near Holy Week. These, of course, because of the sadness of the season, do not entertain, at least not in any gay manner. They may entertain callers and provide modest refreshments; but there will be no dancing nor any attempt at having a lively time.

One girl whom I knew very well was named Doiores. Her *dias* fell on the Friday just before Holy Week, so she never could entertain for herself; but her father thoughtfully arranged matters for her, so that she would not have to be without a party entirely. On this Friday of Dolores, it is one



THREE AMERICANS, TROPICWISE.

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of the native customs for all who wish to do penance for some wrong-doing, to entertain at dinner twelve old women, the older and haggier the better. This father shoved all the work of his penance partly off on his daughter, then made out that it was also, in a way, her saint-day party. So, in truth, it was; for most of the planning came on her. She was one of those heavily-laden specimens of humanity common to all races, but uncommon in each race, one of those who bore many burdens intended for other shoulders than hers. Nor were the burdens of this girl confined to the giving of penance parties for her indolent father; on her devolved the bringing up of four motherless brothers and sisters, while papa did penance—and a few other things on the side.

During the first few months of my stay in Calivo, three of us Americans were sitting in my *sala*, talking, when a *muchacho tag balayed*—they never rap—and, on being given permission, entered. He passed around invitations to what, as we haltingly read the Spanish, seemed to be a funeral supper, a sort of death-angel banquet.

Then, W. looked up from his invitation and remarked: "Why, no, it isn't either. This old coot died twenty years ago. It must be an anniversary affair."

Sure enough, that is just what it was. We were asked to come over and to eat a bite in memory of one who had departed this life more than twenty

years before. Think of having an annual grief stir-up, an annual rehearsal of the howlings and yelping that in the Island always accompany obsequies. We went; but there did not seem to be much sadness, as we had feared there would be. There was no tear-shedding that I could see; I think we danced. Taking it all in all, it was a pretty expensive little party. No doubt, the soul of the one in whose memory it was given, felt quite gratified to think that there were still those on earth who cared enough about him and what he had been while on earth, for he had been in his day a *Padre*, to spend a little in his honor.

A long time after, for two years in succession, I myself took a prominent part in requiem banquets, although I was not the chief mourner, nor yet the one mourned. I acted temporarily, on each occasion, the part of an electric button; that is, nothing could be undertaken until I had first been pressed. And I was pressed, too. The family giving the banquet lived next door, and, in this case, too, the cause of it all was a dead *Padre*, of some six years' standing. I did not attend the affair either year; for each was of a much cruder order than the one in Calivo. Mournful singing and screeching took up most of the time; then was passed around among the guests a bamboo tube full of *tuba*, from which each in turn might take a swig. Although I did not grace the little gathering with my presence, nevertheless I played a very important part. I furnished the wherewithal

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to pay for the bell-ringing and to buy the *tuba*. For once, I acted the very soul-satisfying part of the power behind the throne, unseen but indispensable. The day before each celebration, I was implored to come forward with a ten-peso bill; and, flattered, I presume, by the thought that I was really going to be the mainspring of a party in honor of the dead, flattered by the thought that I was embracing an opportunity to splurge as a penny philanthropist, each time I let the ten pesos slip through my fingers. I never saw either ten again. But I learned wisdom from experience, cheap at twenty pesos, and I learned to analyze my feelings, whenever tempted to oblige any loan solicitor, to find out truly whether I was going to give—in the Philippines, a loan is always a gift—to please the one wishing the loan, or to please myself, by playing for a little while the part of Lord Bountiful.

In the Philippines, weddings are not always considered necessary to consummate marriages. Many couples live together by the sanction of the common law without any church ceremony, and these marriages work out as well as many with all the red tape procurable tied around the participants. In either case, the newly married pair will quarrel like cats and dogs if so inclined and will eventually separate; in either case, if built that way, they will live peaceably together and stick through thick and thin to the very door of death. From a doubly refined moral stand-

point, there is little difference between whether a priest gets up and jumbles through a lot of truck about loving and honoring, et cetera, or whether he does not. Any idiot knows how much of the whole performance is of value, and how many of the men, or of the women either, as far as that goes, feel bound by what they promise, that is after the honeymoon begins to wane.

Formal marriage, after all is said, falls back for its stability, and, therefore, for its success, on the two, the man and the woman, most concerned. All the church ceremonies under the sun would fail to produce a happy marriage if the husband was lax in doing his share or the wife slack about her tasks. The only real purposes served by a marriage ceremony is the securing to offspring of property rights by declaring them legitimate; and the protecting of each principal from the other; humans are always and forever making provision for their own frailty.

There are a great many common-law marriages in the Philippines. I have heard missionaries, almost with tears in their eyes, lament the dreadful state of affairs; yet the Filipinos are not rankly immoral people, and, on that score, there is little cause for lamentation. Many of them joined in this auto-matrimonial combination are as true as steel to one another. They could not be more so if forty *Padres* powwowed from morn until night to make of two but one. Besides, this class of people do not have

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to worry much over the legitimacy of their offspring before the laws of the land; for they have little or no property to leave behind them when they die.

Nor are the Filipinos a licentious people, in spite of the fact that a great many of them consider as unnecessary a ceremonious tying of the nuptial knot.

I once asked a widow, fifty years old, who, years before, had been bereft of her husband, how it happened that she had never set her cap for another man to worry and fuss over. She replied that, as the good God had seen fit to remove her first, she was not going to trouble herself about getting into any such mix-up again.

One of my missionary friends told me of a couple belonging to the middle class, who had lived together for twenty years, long before the American occupation, under the tie of a common-law relation. There had been several children born to the union, and they were being provided for and reared as well as most brown children. But the missionary convinced the twain that they were doing very wrong indeed; he married them gratis after twenty years of married life, and the missionary was so transparently certain that he had added yet another star to his crown. I could not help feeling slightly amused, and I fear I showed it a trifle.

Among the moneyed classes, common-law unions do occur, but not so very frequently. It is not because the upper classes have any scruples about the

matter at all; it is because they thoroughly enjoy ceremonious display of all kinds, and because the church wedding, followed by a large *baile* offers such a splendid opportunity for showing off. They feel no more firmly bound together than do many couples of fairer complexion after a similar ceremony.

CHAPTER XXI.

A KINDERGARTEN IN GOVERNMENT. MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

MUNICIPAL elections in the Philippines are always striking examples of to what a state of putrescence it is possible for our own form of corrupt, ring-bossed city government to sink under the degenerating heat of a tropic clime. In the municipalities, for the most part really nothing but overgrown *barrios*, may be seen in unadorned simplicity, usually decidedly simple, the scrambles for the first steps up the hill toward liberty, and the struggles of each little elector trying to live up to the estimation placed by a strange people on his capacity for self-government. They strut around, puff out their cheeks, and rant on liberty and freedom and George Washington, until an onlooker might arrive at the conclusion that liberty could be purchased by the half pint with fifty per cent. off, in barrel lots, and that shady George Washingtons were being born twins and triplets over the entire Islands.

The whole scheme of the experiment is, of course, an ideal one. The whole plan is sublime. Having, as a beginning, allowed the natives of each town to

elect, subject to provincial approval, their own *presidentes* and councilmen, our government, according to inspiration, is gradually to give them more and more leeway in the management of their own affairs, until, at last, Freedom screams and cuts up Ned generally, as a suitable accompaniment to the unfurling of her banner to the cocoanut trees.

It all sounds very well on paper, and it might look nice photographed or daguerreotyped, or done in water-colors; but it does not work out well in practise. Of course, one must take into consideration that, without being given a chance to try, neither an individual nor a race can be expected to accomplish very much. With this view of the subject well in mind, our little school giving instruction in the management of the machinery of government is deserving of much praise. Considering the number of Americans who are chasing around looking up mistakes and correcting blunders, the work is moving along splendidly; only there are not enough Americans to keep everything running just as it should run. A good many screws loosen, a good many joints squeak for some time before an American can hustle to the scene with his oil-can; and, once in a while, a dangerous hot-box develops. In the latter case, somebody comes down from Manila, things are patched up and smoothed over, and, as a rule, a little soothing-syrup is passed around, and the disturbing elements are provided with pacifiers and

teething rings. Then, school is again taken up and lessons proceed.

Sometimes, to be sure, disobedient students in the school of self-government are summarily dealt with. Those in authority only too evidently make known their displeasure, and the lash of the law is applied through the medium of imprisonment and fines. Conciliatory measures are adopted wherever practicable. Authority says, papa-like: "Now, you won't do it again if I let you off this time." The Islander answers with filial mien while he winks the other eye:

"No, never," *sotto voce*: "At least, not to-day."

It is not a very difficult matter to see how the power, limited though it is, that the natives now exercise in the management of their own affairs happened to be granted them. The Filipinos have the happy faculty of always putting the best foot foremost; they have the knack of seeming always to know more than they do know; and they are of too crude a nature ever to be the least bit sensitive. They are brazen and not easily disconcerted or embarrassed. They have perfect self-confidence, the very essence of self-esteem, and a I'll-pretend-that-I-know-all-about-it-whether-I-do-or-not trait in their make-up, which makes them perfectly sure of themselves on all occasions. These characteristics, together with the Uncle Tom's Cabin bringing up of the Americans who have been, and are, in control in

the Islands, have caused the Filipinos to be greatly overestimated.

Had Southern statesmen, accustomed as they are to dealing with people other than those of their own race, been among those having in charge the framing of new laws to govern the municipalities, very likely less power would have been placed in the hands of the common, very common by the way, people. Had more stress been laid on making out of the Islands a country of value, not only to itself, but also to its protector and—ah!—instructor in governmental processes, and had less stress been laid on screaming into every only too willing ear throughout the archipelago, "Give me liberty or give me death," results might at the present time be totaling up more satisfactorily. Of course, so far as reports go, things do look in pretty good shape.

Not one American occupying a high official position ever has the chance of seeing a Filipino town as it really is, or of seeing the native officials in their routine work, or of seeing the average native under the influence of his ordinary temperament.

An American official thinks of paying a visit of inspection to a Filipino town. A week ahead of time, the notice goes out that so and so will come down to see how the candidates for liberty are progressing in their studies. The Filipino's stronghold is his ability to make a good impression; so, forewarned of the visit, the town is raked from one end

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to the other, the tall grass in the plaza is cut, the carabaos are shooed out of sight, and the secretary, the treasurer, and the *Juez de Paz* work nights to get their books in order for a possible looking over.

On the day set for the arrival, the officials of the town don their best white drill raiment and go forth in carriages, on horseback, or on foot, according to the wealth and size of the place, to meet and greet and profusely welcome the American official. Why should not the American official feel pleased and optimistic and deeply impressed? They set him down to a sumptuous banquet, likely as not paid for by the Americans of the town, if it is a provincial capital; they wine him, they champagne him; they toast him—the remarks are generally dry enough and stale enough to suggest toast—then some one whose type of face leads one to conjecture that his mother may have looked twice or thrice at a Spaniard, gets up and labors through a lengthy rigmarole, not very original, not very logical, and not very elucidating, about how well fitted the Filipino people are to run their ship of state—on a rock, only he does not worship the goddess of truth to the extent of adding that. Why should not the American official, somewhat heated, perhaps, by the champagne, in gazing around him conclude: "A trifle inexperienced certainly, but worthy, eminently worthy."

In the evening, a gay ball is tendered the Ameri-

can in honor of his visit. All the *senoras* and the *senoritas* and the *senors* and the *senoritos* are out in their gala attire. A liberal application of powder, or of whitewash, has somewhat lightened the landscape; and a plentiful supply of violets or of jasmine perfumes the path of every individual, male or female, as they pass in and out through the elaborately decorated dancing *sala*. Of course, the sight is a pleasing one, and, of course, the visiting official is even more than ever won over by the charms of the richly dressed women and by the brilliancy of the whole affair. He retires that night to dream rosy-hued dreams of a Philippine Paradise, where beautifully gowned women and mealy-mouthed men flit back and forth past him, begging him to decide immediately whether or no they are ready for independence. And he mutters in his sleep: "Yes, you're almost ready all right, all right. Let's waltz another round."

Manila sees the official back again at his desk after a number of such mutual love and good-will visits. Although many snarls and tangles are brought up for him and other officials in power to unravel, though his patience is on many occasions severely tried, though he feels at times discouraged, the memories of those visits out among the people tend to assuage his doubts and fears, and bring him to the opinion that, after all, they are a mighty capable people, and that all will in the end come out right.

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So it is that the idea of independence has been fostered and encouraged through a very erroneous, though easily understandable, estimation of the preparedness of the people at large to run their own affairs.

Various dates have been suggested for the granting of independence. In fact, there are those, optimists every one, who, from year to year, have fully expected to see the Islands, with the sanction of Congress, blossom out a young Republic almost spontaneously. But the country does not even bud, let alone blossom, and still these sanguine Americans are not at all in the minority. There are others more conservative, who place the probabilities at about thirty-three years from the time of the American occupation. There are others who are of the opinion that many generations must be born and laid away to rest before the Philippines ever become an independent country, and they add with circumspection, perhaps not even then.

Little incidents are always coming up to point the way things drift if some sort of supervision was not maintained. In the Philippines, news travels like wild-fire. An attempt to surprise any native official is almost sure to turn out a failure; somebody is certain to apprise all the natives along the proposed route that an inspector is on the way; and not one American can figure out how the information manages to leak out.

A provincial treasurer once came into a town in a round-about-way, with as much secrecy as he was capable of securing. He had hoped to appear unannounced. He went straight to the *tribunal* to count over the cash of the municipal treasurer without even taking time to rest or to eat. But somebody had found out that the provincial treasurer was on the way—though how they managed it will always remain a mystery; for the route had been arranged very cleverly—and the municipal treasurer was prepared for the closest kind of examination. To make assurance doubly sure, he had dumped into his safe about thirty pesos of his own personal money; so he had to be lectured on the necessity of having things balance exactly, neither too much nor too little. That lecture was just a little half-hour's lesson in government.

There were two other municipal treasurers who stood in need of private instruction, though they never received it. One of these lived eight miles south of a large coast town, the other eight miles southwest of the same town. A good road connected each of the municipalities with the town near the coast, and an almost impassable trail through the rice-fields joined the two small towns one with the other. The provincial treasurer, leaving the town near the coast to inspect the office of one municipal treasurer, would always have to come back over the eight miles of road before going on up to the other

town; for he could not possibly travel over the short trail through the rice-fields between the two places.

Now, rumor had it, had it pretty bad, too, that both of these municipal treasurers gambled with the public funds, and at times lost heavily at *monte*. Nevertheless, never once did the provincial treasurer find anything wrong in their accounts. They, and the accounts, too, were always apparently straight. The two treasurers were great friends and it was pretty strongly hinted that they made use of the rice paddy trail and a couple of faithful *taos* to cart the public money back and forth across country. As soon as one treasurer had been inspected and found all right, he would send the money over to the other treasurer, so that his books would balance. Various means were used to entrap the two treasurers; but nothing ever resulted. The treasurers were always well informed by that swift and secret means of communication unique among Filipinos, and nothing could ever be proved against either, although the provincial treasurer was perfectly sure that some underhanded work was going on.

Those believing in the ability of the natives to manage their own government know little of these happenings. Such characteristics are not on exhibition on dress occasions; they are visible only after the great petroleum lamps of the dancing *sala* are extinguished, when naught illumines the scene but the cocoanut-oil lights of everyday life.

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It is not my intention to generalize; for, during my stay in the Islands, I was stationed all the time in one province. Still one could scarcely find anything incongruous in taking as a criterion of municipal government over the entire Islands the examples that came under my personal observation. In fact, I have been told by many whose official duty took them to all sorts and sizes of towns in all parts of the archipelago, that municipal elections and municipal governments were pretty much on a level everywhere in the Philippines, excepting, possibly, the provincial capitals, where a more capable and intelligent, though even more unscrupulous and tricky, class of voters resides.

The law enfranchises all males over twenty-one, who have attained a certain educational qualification, or who possess property to a certain value, or who, during the Spanish rule, held such minor offices as Filipinos were allowed to hold during that time. All who wish to qualify as electors are required to appear before a board of native officials, chosen by the municipal council from each party advancing a candidate, to qualify and register. In the smaller towns, the most powerful family of the place so directs affairs through tactful wire-pulling, that all the judges of qualification and of registration are on their side. They allow a certain number of the electors belonging to the opponents to become eligible; but, as soon as it begins to look as though the balance of

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power was going to slip over to the other side, they start in to cavil and to rule out on some complaint or other any new recruits who seem likely to have leanings toward the rival party. These men have at their fingers' ends the history of every voter in the district, besides keeping tab on the doings and comings and goings of all who, with the course of a few years, will become electors; so they know beforehand with which party—or rather clan, for there are no sharply defined party platforms in the Islands, and electors never vote because of their convictions—each elector is affiliated, and just how he is going to vote.

I recall one incident where a voter likely to place in jeopardy the interests of the family in power was declared ineligible to the right of franchise. This *senor* had tried to squeeze in on his knowledge of Spanish. He affirmed that he was *educated* in the Spanish language, and in proof thereof presented a certificate hardly equivalent with us to a promotion card into the third reader. But he knew a few parrot phrases of the "where are you going" type, although he looked blank when asked much else, and he impressed me as being quite as eligible as fifteen-sixteenths of those who were already registered as having sufficient qualifications. Nevertheless, he was known to be a cousin of the contending family, so he was challenged. It must have been a case of ignorance pitted against ignorance; for the inspectors, as

they are called, could not handle the Spanish even so well as the would-be elector. But he was ruled out on the ground that he pretended to more knowledge than he really possessed. I can not imagine who did the examining; for all were fairly good examples of mental stagnation.

Candidates for the presidency, that is for the mayor's chair, not infrequently distribute their property among friends firm and true, so as to make them electors under the property qualification. Property to the value of five hundred pesos—two hundred and fifty dollars—is given outright to each of several men of the district, who would otherwise be unable to vote, so that they may be blanketed in under cover of the property clause. In a manner befitting the conduct of faithful serfs, after the election is over, every cent of property is turned back to him who, by means of his purse, has added considerable lung-power to swell the voice of the people in the management of their own affairs. Thus is liberty outraged. The only thought that can be brought up in extenuation is that at least a beginning in self-government has been made.

The majority of the electors take the view that liberty means the opportunity to sport around in white clothes of European cut and in white shoes of not any cut in particular. The same idea seems to cling pretty closely to a large proportion of the inhabitants. Asked by some crank on the equality and brother-

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hood of man, as to the progress being made by Filipino students along educational lines, an astute supervising teacher made reply that, as far as he could see, the most marked development was being brought about in the care with which shoes were being selected and looked after.

As election time draws near, a great deal of attention is paid by those on whom will fall the heavy responsibility of choosing the right man for the place, to polishing up their personal appearance. The candidates themselves are crowded with work; each one makes a point of visiting every elector in the district about whom any doubt is entertained. These candidates are always sure of certain relatives and retainers; but the electors that might be easily influenced to waver require considerable talking to.

Then each candidate will give a big dinner, and all the electors not too firmly set in their sympathies will accept invitations to each house in turn. A paper, stating that the undersigned promise to support the candidate whose hospitality they are enjoying, at each house is passed around to have the names written down, and it very often occurs that several of the electors bind themselves to support each candidate at the polls.

It is well known just how many electors there are in each town, even before the date set for registration; so the candidates scan the lists of those who have signed, and make up their minds whether, al-

lowing for inevitable prevarication, they stand any show of not being elected. If there seems a possibility of winning, they redouble their efforts and try to get in a few more eligibles for their side before the final day of registration.

At such a time, one of the candidates came to me with a request the fulfillment of which would greatly oblige him, and likely as not, as he said, gain the day for him. I admitted with him that, at times, on such trifles hangs success.

Many of the electors, although competent to decide which of two men is the better fitted to serve as *presidente*, are just a little careless about money matters. The government does not look on debt as an evil as far as the right to vote is concerned, except when the revenues of the state are affected. A man might owe a ten-peso cigarette bill and still hold his head high among the very best of the students in liberty; but, if he failed to pay his *cedula* tax of two pesos—a head tax that all males of eighteen or over, up to an old age limit, have to pay—he would not be allowed to bring his judgment to bear on the election of a *presidente*. So the candidates always pay up any indebtedness in the matter of revenues owed by the electors presumably on the side of each respectively. Some of the electors may still be indebted to the government for their *cedula* tax, their land tax, or their carabao tax; many times, the candidates are called on to pay all three taxes.

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In effect, the system of debt-paying in order to secure votes is bribery pure and simple. An election never takes place without sugar-plums in plenty being passed around. But perhaps it does not make much difference. The average elector does not look as though he had any opinion worth influencing, anyway. All this debt-paying business, however, becomes a great item of expenditure to the candidates.

My visitor had come to me with a plan whereby I was, at small inconvenience to myself, to help him out just a little with his finances. As the conversation continued, I gleaned that, many years before, during Spanish times, my grass-man, Lorenzo, had held some petty office, which, under the new qualifications, gave him the right to vote. Now, Lorenzo could not write, and Lorenzo could not read, and Lorenzo could not even carry grass very well nor very regularly. Lorenzo's dominating characteristic had always struck me as being a little-controlled propensity for imbibing *tuba* to a state of inebriation. Notwithstanding, nothing but his failure to appear at the treasurer's office with the payment for two years' *cedula* tax in his outstretched palm, stood in the way of Lorenzo's sporting around on an equal footing with the best in the land. Lorenzo was guiltless of rice-fields and of carabaos; the only debt he owed the government was the tax, delinquent at that, on his own emaciated form.

My visitor explained that he had lately been fix-

ing up so many electors that he was getting a little short of funds. He wanted to ask me as a favor, if I would not advance the grass-man's salary for about two months, four pesos, so that he could pay up his indebtedness at the treasurer's office, and thus make my Lorenzo one of the powers of the realm. It should be noted that the candidate did not want the salary to go direct to the grass-man for fear it would be drunk up or lost.

Lorenzo did not vote after all. I did not have more than a little money around the house; and I rather sickened at the idea, anyway, of such a specimen as my grass-man being allowed to exercise the privilege of ballot; so I refused all aid. It really did not make any difference, for the candidate who had implored me to help him out lost by fifteen votes. He was snowed under, if one might use such an expression in referring to the politics of these tropic isles.

Preceding the elections, the time Lorenzo was not permitted to have his way in the choosing of the new *presidente*, there was a great deal of electioneering, more than is usually the case in municipal elections; for, in most instances, everything is cut and dried several days beforehand, so that what the results are going to be is known almost for a surety.

The candidates were the *presidente* then in office, running for a second term, and a very worthy man already three times defeated in his attempt to be

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elected *presidente*. The latter was the same man who had asked my help in regard to Lorenzo. He was frequently a visitor at my house, and, in one of our little talks in mongrel Spanish, he confided to me that there was really no use in running for office, inasmuch as the other family always got everything anyway. I had been in the Islands long enough to know that there was not much to be gained by antagonizing the wishes of the powerful few. Nevertheless this man traveled over the entire district, that is, the central town and the *barrios* belonging to it, to try to talk up his side. Following his example, the other side made a few moves for the sake of appearances; but it was evident they had no fears as to the outcome of the election. They knew how things would go.

Each party—there were only two—provided a fine lot of eatables for the entertainment of election-day visitors. Each party had butchered a cow and a calf—Filipinos are so fond of meat—and had prepared an enormous quantity of rice; besides, there were the usual native vegetables and *dulces*.

I received invitations from each house, asking me to dine and to sup; but, inasmuch as I had already refused to take any part whatsoever in the election, and had persisted in maintaining an attitude of absolute impartiality concerning the election and the candidates, I declined with many *salamats* both invitations. It was just as well that I did not go; for

both houses were pretty well filled with white-coated and white-shoed electors. The fact that I was not in attendance was not very much noticed, nor very much regretted, I dare say. So much for the importance of the supervising teacher when election-day comes around!

The knowledge that my preventing Lorenzo from exercising his glorious right as an elector of the municipality, or rather my preventing him from becoming an elector, did not really bring about the defeat of him who had sought my aid brought me no end of comfort. He lacked a good many votes. It was heathenish in me, but I was glad he had lost by a number of votes. If it had been by only one—a thing like that on one's conscience would be apt to keep one awake nights.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SICK, THE DYING, AND THE DEAD.

VERY frequently Filipinos are attacked by light illnesses of short duration, all of which worry the sufferers almost to distraction, and cause a restlessness among all the friends and relatives for a mile or so around. A severe stomach-ache will set an otherwise care-free and happy *senora* to thinking she is at death's door. There will be a hurrying of herb-laden people to the scene; the sick woman will be laid out flat on the floor, and leaves of different sorts will be plastered over the stomach. If a leg or an arm aches, it will be rubbed vigorously; but it will be rubbed always in one direction, away from the body, so as to draw out the ache.

Even very moderate pain will cause the patient to groan and carry on as though having a leg amputated without the aid of anaesthetics. *Madre mia's*, *Santa Maria y Joseph's* and *Dios mios* will rend the air at regular intervals. The neighbors and friends will stand around fifteen or twenty deep, and "ay-ay" in long-drawn-out expressions of sympathy. Perhaps the next morning the sufferer will be up and around, as though nothing of any particular note had been

happening the night before. All is forgotten as easily as is a nightmare.

Filipinos, especially the women, are subject to very severe headaches, which last for two or three days at a stretch. To effect a cure, they put on each temple a plaster made of a little quicklime and some peppery leaf pounded to a pulp. This soon begins to draw. After a day or two a festered sore forms on each side of the forehead under the plaster; then, the pain ceases and finally goes away entirely. There remains for some days to come, as a rather unpleasant reminder of the attack, an ugly sore near the eye on each side. The remedy always seemed to me about as painful as the headache itself.

The natives have a great way of saying, "*Ua gin hawa*," which means "no breath," whenever they are not feeling quite as they should. They will say in Visayan: "I have no breath, to-day," or "My breath is sick, to-day," whenever they are a little bit under the weather. With the exception of a few of our upper-class students, they know next to nothing about physiology, and so blame their breathing apparatus whenever anything happens to be the matter.

I had with me a very reliable physic in the form of a little brown pill, which I used to give to some of my working people, my barber, or my *varoto* men, whenever they stood in need of such a medicine; but it was always their *gin hawa* that was out of order. Never did they once refer the trouble to the proper

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spot; only by answering my many questions did they get me to understand enough about what ailed them to tell them what to do.

Anything, from a sore throat to an intestinal trouble, is classed as a deranged *gin haua*; and this uncertainty of theirs about the organs of the body and their functions makes doctoring them a risky matter. They can never tell anything definite about their symptoms; they rarely are able to point out with any degree of accuracy the seat of pain; and they are superstitious and fearful as they can be about medicines of the concentrated type, such as pills and powders. They incline more toward the use of herbs and roots having medicinal qualities. Doctoring Filipinos is a thankless job in many cases.

I knew this full well to be true; nevertheless, sometimes, when it seemed likely that I might be able to do a little good with the knowledge at my command and with the few medicines in my chest, I have assumed for the time being the role of doctor. Not because I wanted to, far from it, for I knew that, if my patient were to improve in health, the thanks would be due some native charm-worker with his little bundle of roots and herbs; and if, on the other hand, my patient sickened and died, perhaps because ill with an incurable malady, the blame for it all would fall heavily on my shoulders. I never went from choice, but because the natives would come beseeching me to go, beseeching my advice. I doc-

IN THE LAND OF THE FILIPINO.

tored several cases of chills and fever and met with success each time.

During vacation, one of my teachers, after a spell of work in the mud of the rice-fields, came home sick. After he had been ill every other day for some time, the boy's mother—so many of our teachers were nothing but young boys—came to me and asked me if I would not, as a great favor, try to see if I could not do something. In the meantime, of course, they had tried several native doctors and medicine-men without avail.

I questioned the mother closely as to the symptoms. The boy would have a high fever, then a chill; he suffered severe pains in the head, an aching over the entire body, and nausea; the day following, the patient would be better, but very weak, and the next day would bring a return of the fever and the aching agonies. It seemed a case of malaria. I went up to the house and left some calomel, a physic, and some quinine tablets, with complete directions for using; then, four times that afternoon and evening, I went up to see that directions were being followed. The fever and chills left the boy. Within two or three days he was able to walk about the house, and the next day he was out in the street walking. Somebody asked how he was feeling, and he replied that, though he was better, the medicine the teacher had given him had made him so weak that he had not much ambition. It never seemed to occur to him

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that the several days of illness without food might have had a tendency to weaken his system, particularly since Filipinos are of a delicate constitution. The boy was not going to have it said that I had anything to do with the breaking up of that fever.

The mother of this boy was a pill patron of mine; for she, too, had something wrong with her *gin haua*. One day, I asked her what her boy meant by telling that I had about killed him with my American medicine left with her. She opened her eyes wide, as though what I told her could not by any chance be true; and she swore up and down that nothing except words of thankfulness for his quick recovery had ever passed her boy's lips. But I knew better. I dare say, the mother was afraid I would cut off supplying her with *gin-haua* medicine.

In contrast to this little incident, I have to cite another case, in which my efforts to assist were rewarded with lasting gratitude. A little *muchacho* of mine, without my knowing anything about it, had cut his thumb on a tin can. It was several days after the accident before I knew the boy had hurt himself; for he had been working around in the kitchen as usual. One day his elder sister came, bringing him up-stairs into the *sala*. Both were crying. They had just come from the Filipino doctor's house, and the doctor had said that the boy's thumb must come off. Of course, they did not want to have that done, because, as the sister said, it would cost ten pesos for

the operation; so they thought they would first see what I had to say about the matter.

The boy's thumb was in the incipient stages of blood-poisoning. It was badly swelled and dark in color. I told them we would try a bread-and-milk poultice, though I knew I would have to furnish both ingredients. We doctored that thumb and drew all the inflammation out. It was not really a severe case, but it seemed so to them; besides, they had saved the ten pesos. They never forgot what I had done. Even several years afterward, when I chanced to see them, they spoke of what I had done in words of deep gratitude.

This goes to show that, when it comes to fine points of character, what is said of one Filipino may not apply in the slightest degree to others. Filipinos are often spoken of as a people absolutely without gratitude; but I am of the opinion that one who understands them well will find just as much of the grateful spirit in their make-up as in the make-up of any other race. Goodness knows that, though there are striking instances of gratitude in the annals of the white race, there are also examples of the rankest ingratitude. It is a question of the individual rather than of race.

Filipinos have heathen ideas about treating the sick. No doubt, some of their nonsense brings on the death they are trying so hard to avert. They have an idea that all applications must be cold; for this rea-

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son, fresh, moist leaves and cloths wrung out of cold water are put on various parts of the body. I once advised a hot-water bottle—and it was in truth a bottle, for we had none of the rubber variety—as a means of easing a stomach pain, which had kept up off and on for several days. I also told the family if they would put the feet of the patient in hot water for a while—she was not dangerously ill—it would relieve her. At first, they were horrified. They did not know whether they would try my method or not; but, having been told by my *muchachos* that I myself used hot water when in pain, they tried it, and were much pleased with its effects.

Sick-rooms are always shut up as close as dungeons. All the windows are shut tight, and blankets are hung up over them to keep every breath of fresh air out. There, the sick person lies shut up as though a breath would be certain death. Several of the family are always in the room, watching or rubbing, or performing some service to them necessary. One can imagine what the air would be like at the end of a day; but what it would be like at the end of a week, especially when there is fever present, would be something beyond the power of the brain of any one unacquainted with the country to realize. The air, almost a stench, becomes positively rotten. If it was not that a little fresh air does manage to get in through tiny cracks almost invisible, and through little openings up near the ceiling, the whole family

would likely go to swell the number of inhabitants of the cemetery. When the air gets too rank, they prepare another closed and blanketed room, into which they move the patient for a few days' change.

This fear of the air is undoubtedly one of the causes that prevent Filipinos from attaining that perfect health which they all crave and yet come far from enjoying. Even when nobody in the family is ill, the houses will be closed up just as tight at night as though they feared evil spirits might enter.

When Filipinos are taken sick, it is their custom to do everything in their power to keep up the strength; a very good plan, indeed, if the proper means were at hand. But they do not have any beef teas and malted milks, et cetera, and the poor do not have chickens enough to be able to prepare broth very often; so boiled rice becomes the diet of the sick. No matter how seriously ill a person may be, nor how complete a failure may be the appetite; no matter if what is eaten comes up almost as soon as it gets down, friends of the sick person will beg of him to eat just a little rice, and then just a little more. "*San carut man lung, san carut ah!*" until, beyond a doubt, some of the sick are stuffed into eternity. They labor under the delusion that strength is generated in proportion to the amount of food eaten; they think the *gin hawa* will be very much improved by a handful or so of rice.

One time, I was ill at my home for three days in

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succession; for that period of time I ate nothing at all. The *muchachos* told around that the *maestro* was sick and would not eat. Before I knew it, the people of the town had me dying; they came very near sending for an American friend of mine in the next town. I was somewhat wrathful when I arose from my sick-bed. It did not take me long to inform several of the *principales* of the place how Americans managed about their eating when ill.

A teacher of mine came in one day to get some of my little brown pills for his grandmother. She too, it seemed, had a *gin hawa* a little out of repair. But the boy brought the pills back again the next day. His grandmother, he said, did not know how to swallow pills, and she was too old to learn. It was a sad case and it grieved me much. Very likely the old woman would have been quite willing to learn pill-swallowing in her youth; but, unfortunately, she had been born several decades too soon.

The dying always call on the *Padre* to administer extreme unction; but, inasmuch as the districts under the control of *Padres* are very extensive, it is not always possible for a *Padre* to visit all those in need of his services at such a time. So some enter the other world prepared, and others squeeze in the best way they can.

When anybody dies, the weeping and wailing are frightful. For blocks and blocks one can hear the mourners screaming out in anguish at the very tops

of their voices. The grief is too violent to be of long duration, however; and, a day or so after the funeral, things quiet down as far as extreme demonstrations go. Following each death there is a nine days' series of parties, like a continuous wake. Every night the friends and relatives of the deceased meet and sing Visayan songs until they sing themselves to sleep in order to keep the evil spirits away from the soul of the departed one on its journey to the other place of abode. I feel myself quite competent to judge of the power of that singing to keep away evil spirits. Any spirit that would wander around any place near would have to be, not only tone deaf, but stone deaf as well. Any person of an investigating turn of mind, looking around for the sting of death, would not be going very far wrong if he alighted on a group of caterwauling mourners as the object of his search. It is always very distressing.

One time, while we were teaching in Capiz, working hard every day with our classes, we had to send the police to close up a song seance in our neighborhood. It began to look as though we were going to lose all our sleep. That was one soul at least that marched along that strange road unsung and unprotected from evil spirits.

Coffins are sometimes dedicated to the perpetual occupancy of the corpses lying within them; but, generally, they are only rented for the occasion—another example of straining for appearances. All coffins

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are made of roughly-dressed boards in a very crude manner, indeed. Coffins for hire, in most instances, are painted a dull black. The corpse is carried away to the cemetery and buried; then, the coffin is again ready for use. A coffin made to order for the remains of some Filipino aristocrat is decorated more elaborately than is the for-rent kind; sometimes it is covered with black cloth.

The services over the dead vary. Almost any afternoon, rather late, any one interested enough to watch will see six men coming in from some *barrio* carrying a body lying on a bamboo litter and covered with cloth and palm-leaves. Sometimes, mourners follow; but, often, there will be nobody around except the pall-bearers. They set the litter down in front of the church door, light the seven candles placed at intervals around the sides of the litter, then go to the convent to consult the *Padre* about prices. Financial matters having been discussed and agreed on, and the silver having been slipped over in sufficient quantity, the *Padre* sends a *muchacho* to ring the bells the number of times paid for in advance, and he himself, prayerbook in hand, goes to any of the front windows of the convent most convenient, and reads a verse. For this class of funeral there is nothing more. All earthly that is left of the departed one is shuffled off with as little worry to the *Padre* and with as little wear and tear on the bells as possible. The pall-bearers pick up the candle-lighted

litter with its heavy burden, and continue toward the cemetery.

The to-rent coffin is brought out on occasions necessitating a little more style. When it is in use the bells are hired to discord a longer time, and the *Padre* adds an extra sentence or two to the burial service.

Once in a while a native town will be the scene of a really fashionable funeral. Special arrangements will be entered into with the *Padre* beforehand, just as soon as life leaves the body, so that there may be no delays and no unnecessary waitings around the church. There is a great deal of formality about this sort of funeral. At the appointed hour the *Padre* dons one of his elaborate robes, and, preceded by a group of choristers singing a dreary Gregorian chant, a couple of torch-bearers, and an incense bearer, he proceeds to the house in which lies the corpse. The pall-bearers and the mourners are ready. They come down the steps to meet the procession from the church, the coffin is placed on a rather gaily bedecked wagon, which for this occasion serves as a hearse, and off they start back to the church, pacing along solemnly to the stately rhythm of the sorrowful chant. They enter the church; a funeral mass is celebrated. All is over. All that lies within the power of the living to do has been done. The corpse is wheeled to its last resting-place.

At the very first, as soon as the procession leaves

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the church for the house from which the funeral takes place, the bells begin to clang, and they clang, clang, clang, until all ceremonies are over and the funeral cortége is well on its way cemeteryward. Such a funeral costs a pretty penny. Bell-ringing alone for a couple of hours at a stretch is an expensive formality.

I remember after the death of a very prominent member of the community the bells were tolled every hour from the time of the death all through the night, until the burial next day.

As a rule, Filipinos are perfectly willing to skimp themselves for weeks and months, very much to the detriment of the family, in order to give a fashionable funeral. Sometimes they starve themselves so, trying to rake together the money, that, before long, there is another funeral to be planned for.

Once in a while there will come along a family that balks at excessive expenditure; a family that thinks it is just as well to let the dead meet the rewards or punishments earned in this life without any attempt at costly mediation on the part of the church; a family that thinks it is just as well, perhaps, to care for the living rather than to provide luxuries for one past caring or realizing.

One of my teachers—so many of my memories cluster around my teachers—lost his father. There were this teacher, a young brother, and an old maid sister in the family. They owned in their own right,

as so few families do, a good strip of rice-land and one *carabao*.

The *Padre* told the young teacher he would give the funeral for the *carabao*. Happy way of acquiring live stock, was it not? But the youth demurred, and said he would consult some other authority; I shall not say just who. Anyway, the youth was reminded of the fact that, if the neat little bargain of the *Padre* was accepted, although the father might be wedged through the Pearly Gates safely enough, the little brother and the old maid sister would be apt to feel the effects of a small famine out their way. The youth considered. He kept the *carabao*.

Though some objection was raised to burying a body in the cemetery without the sanction of the *Padre*, the objection was overruled, and the teacher, with five or six friends, buried the father with no other ceremonies than their own heartfelt tears.

The family used the *carabao* to till their piece of ground. That year they had a very good crop of rice; so I presume the gods were not angry with them. Often the thought comes to me: "What will ever become of him by whose advice the *carabao* was saved to the family? Does perdition await him?"

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